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The *all new* FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES Production

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES
NO. 19
DEC.
CDC
ONLY
20¢



00748
RAY
DIRGO

The FLINTSTONES A C-COLD S-SITUATION

GWEN KRAUSE

RAY DIRSO

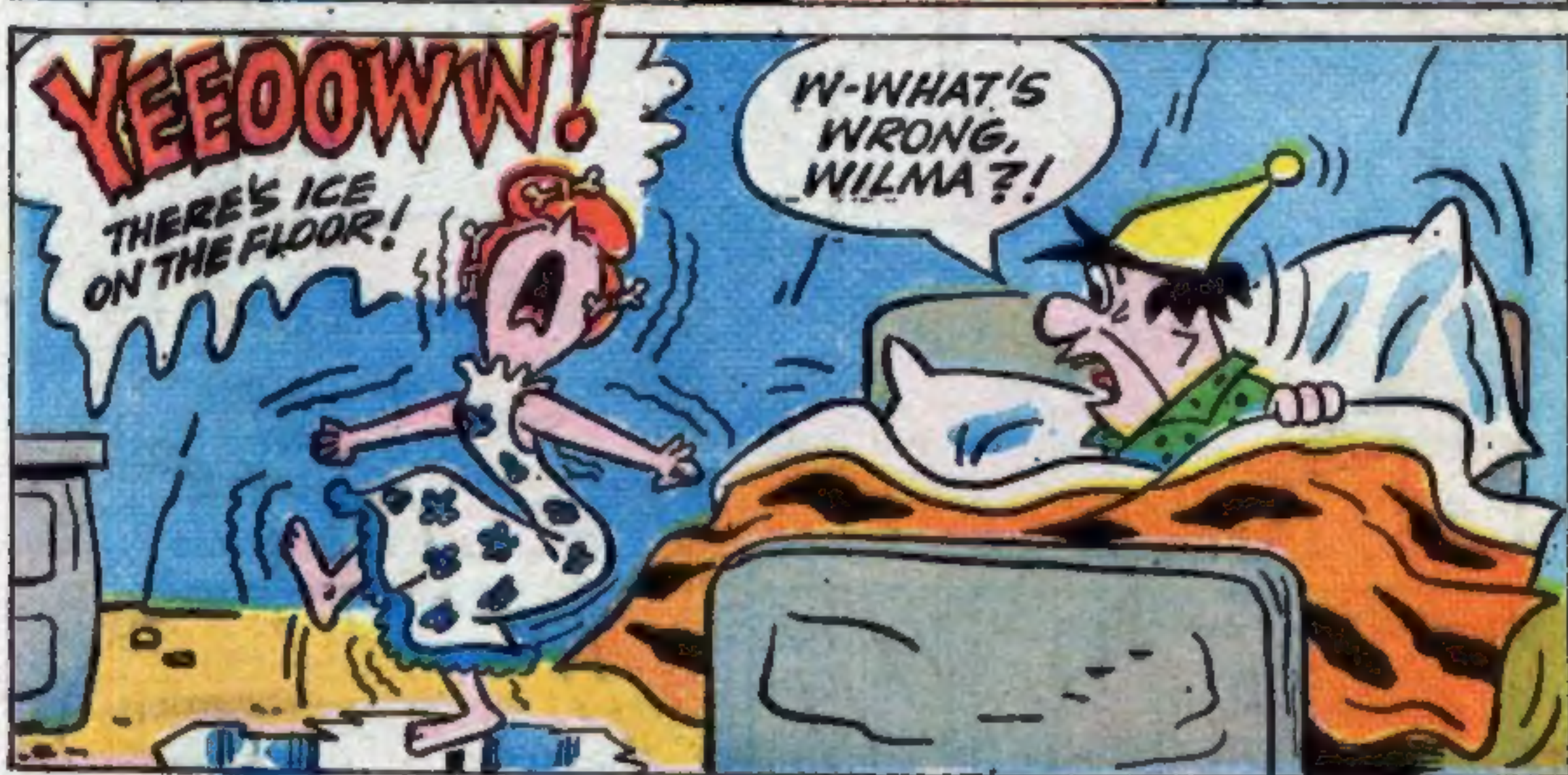
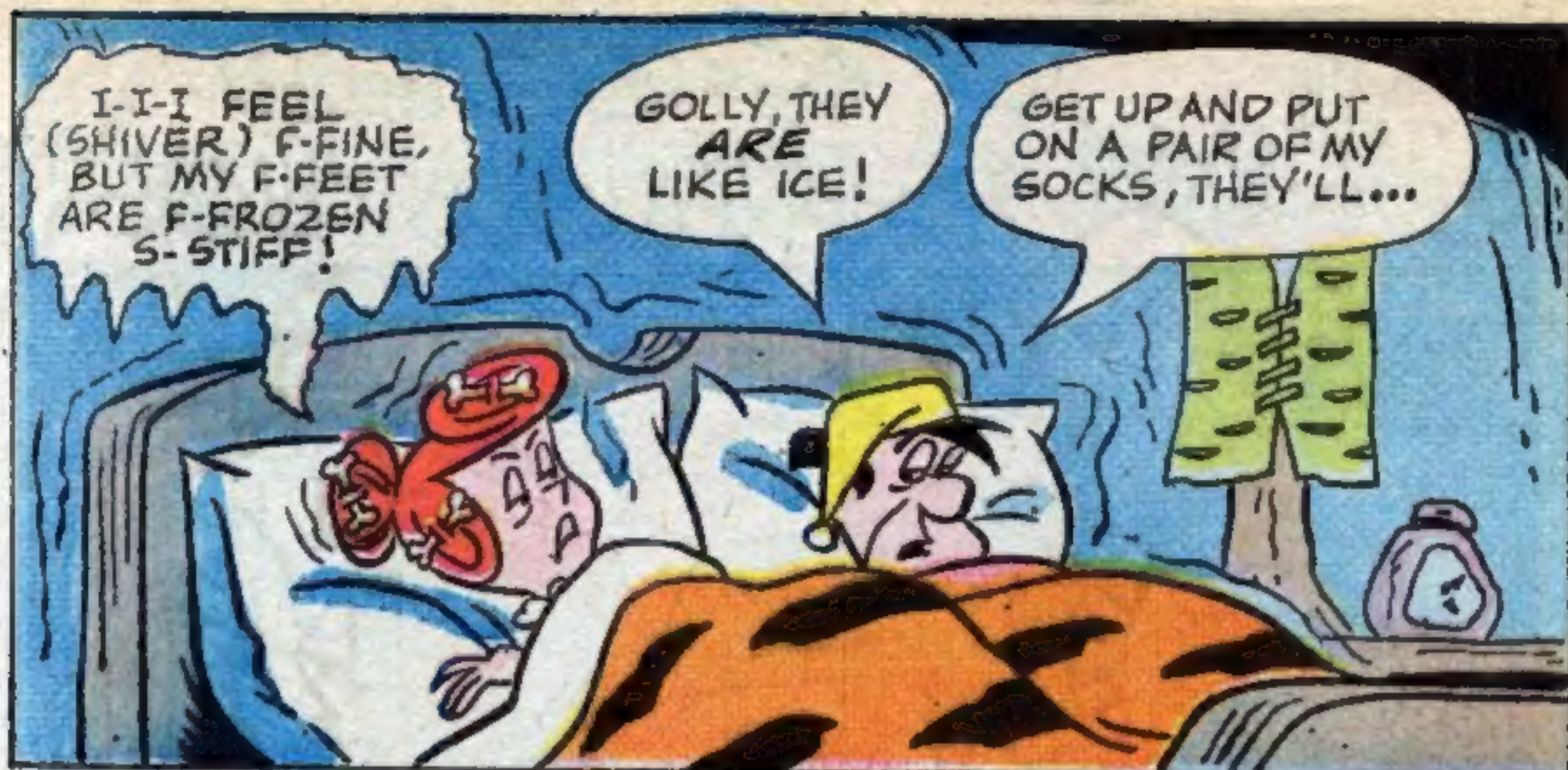


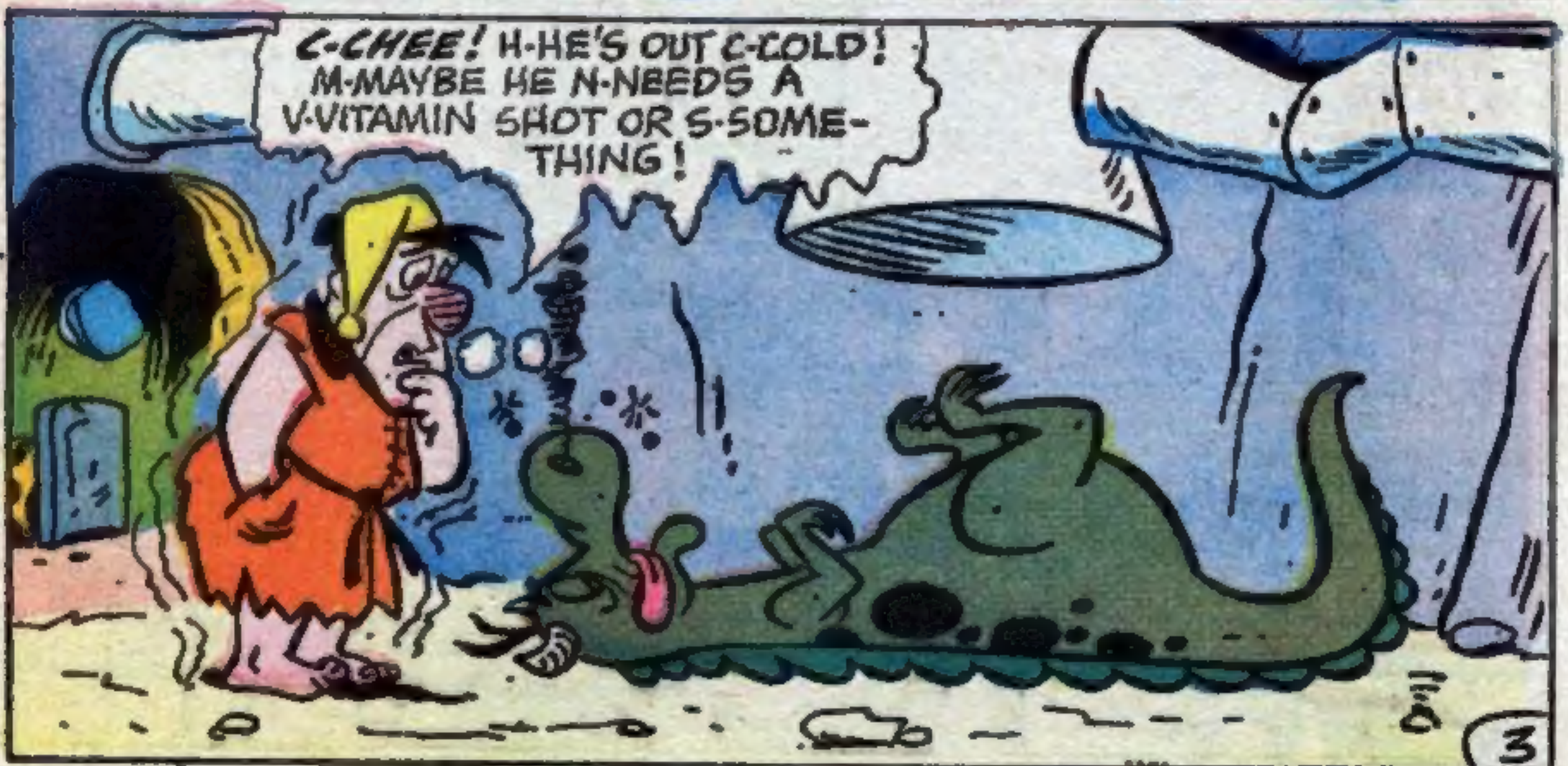
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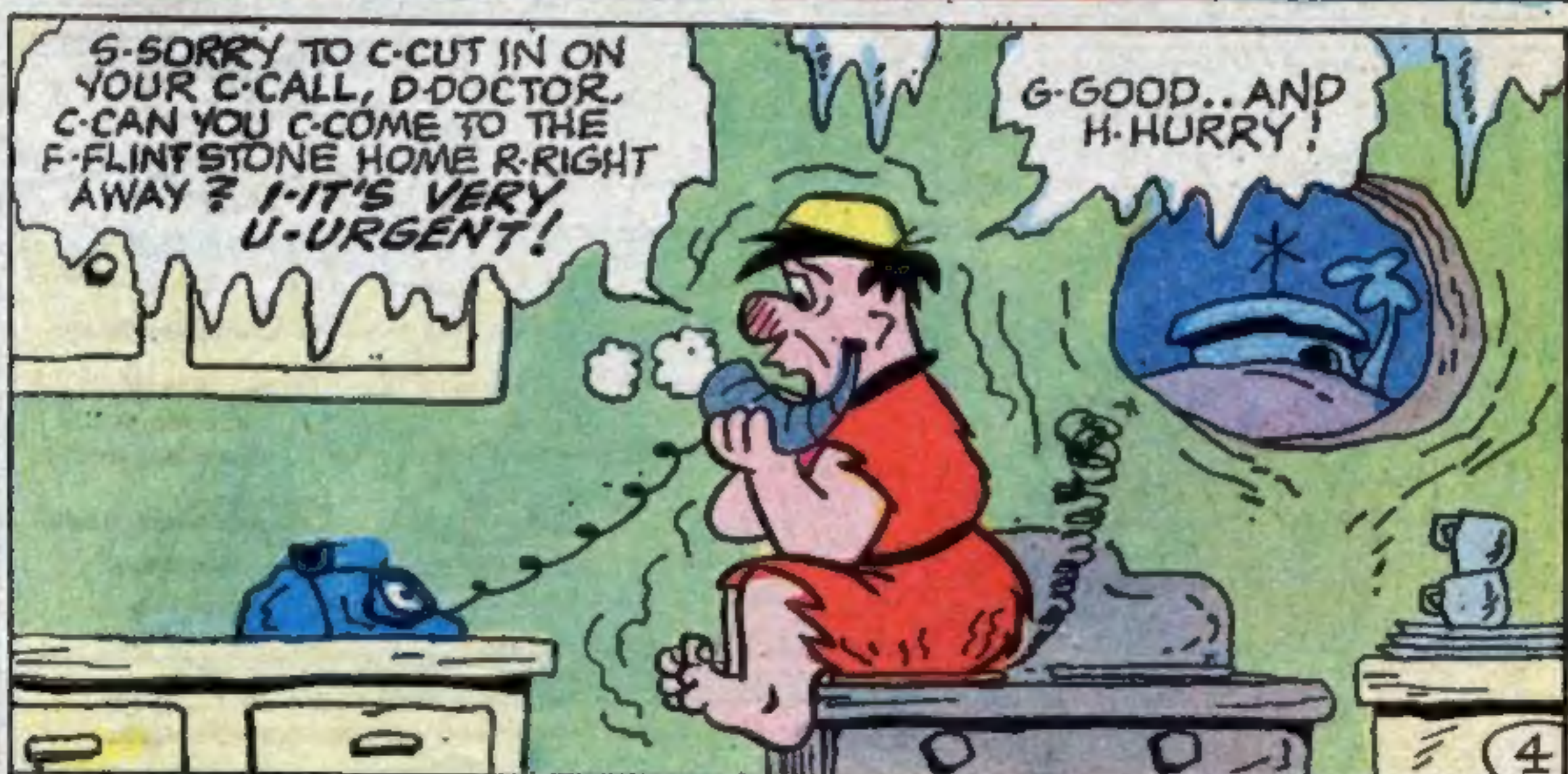
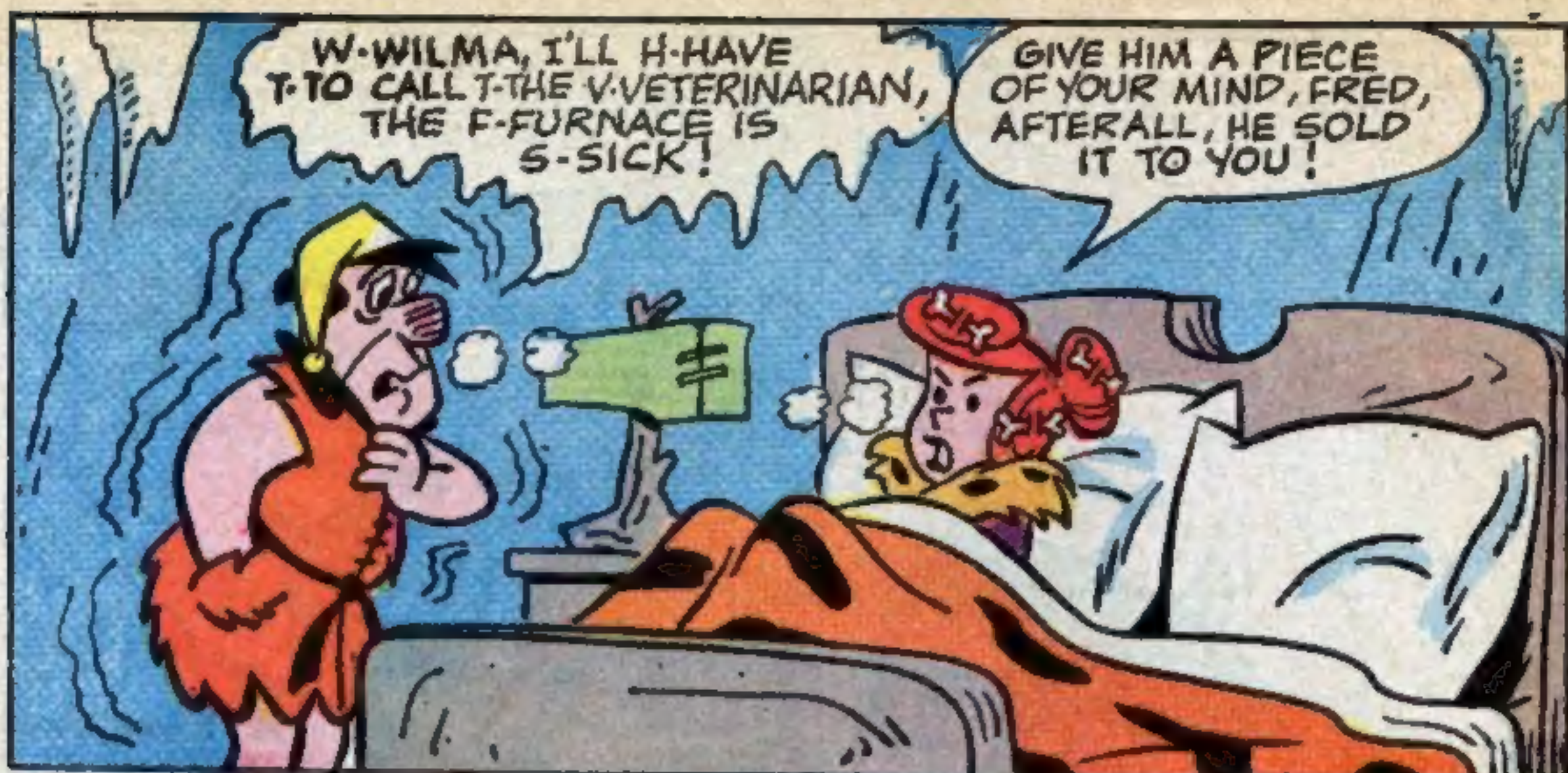
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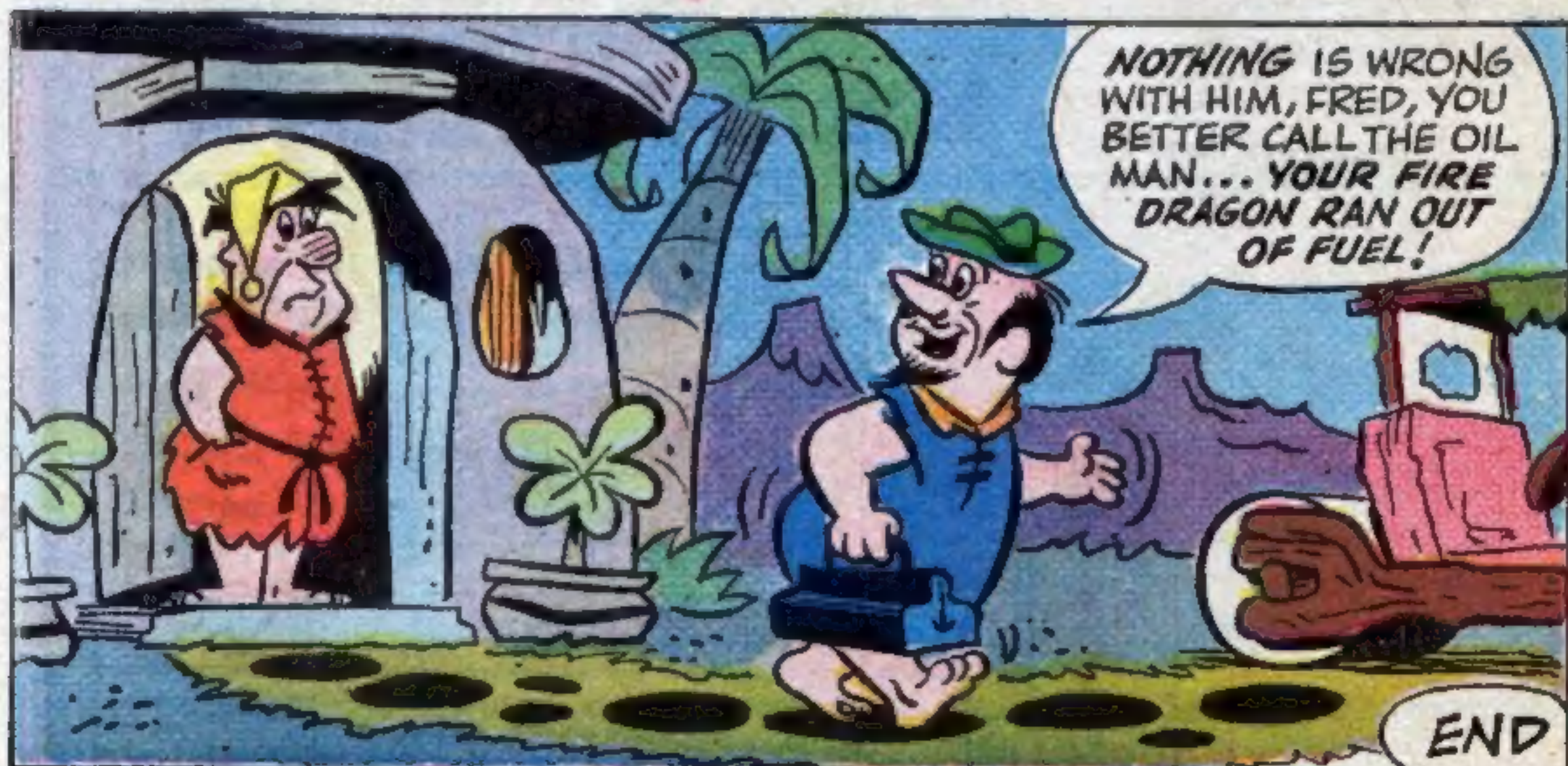
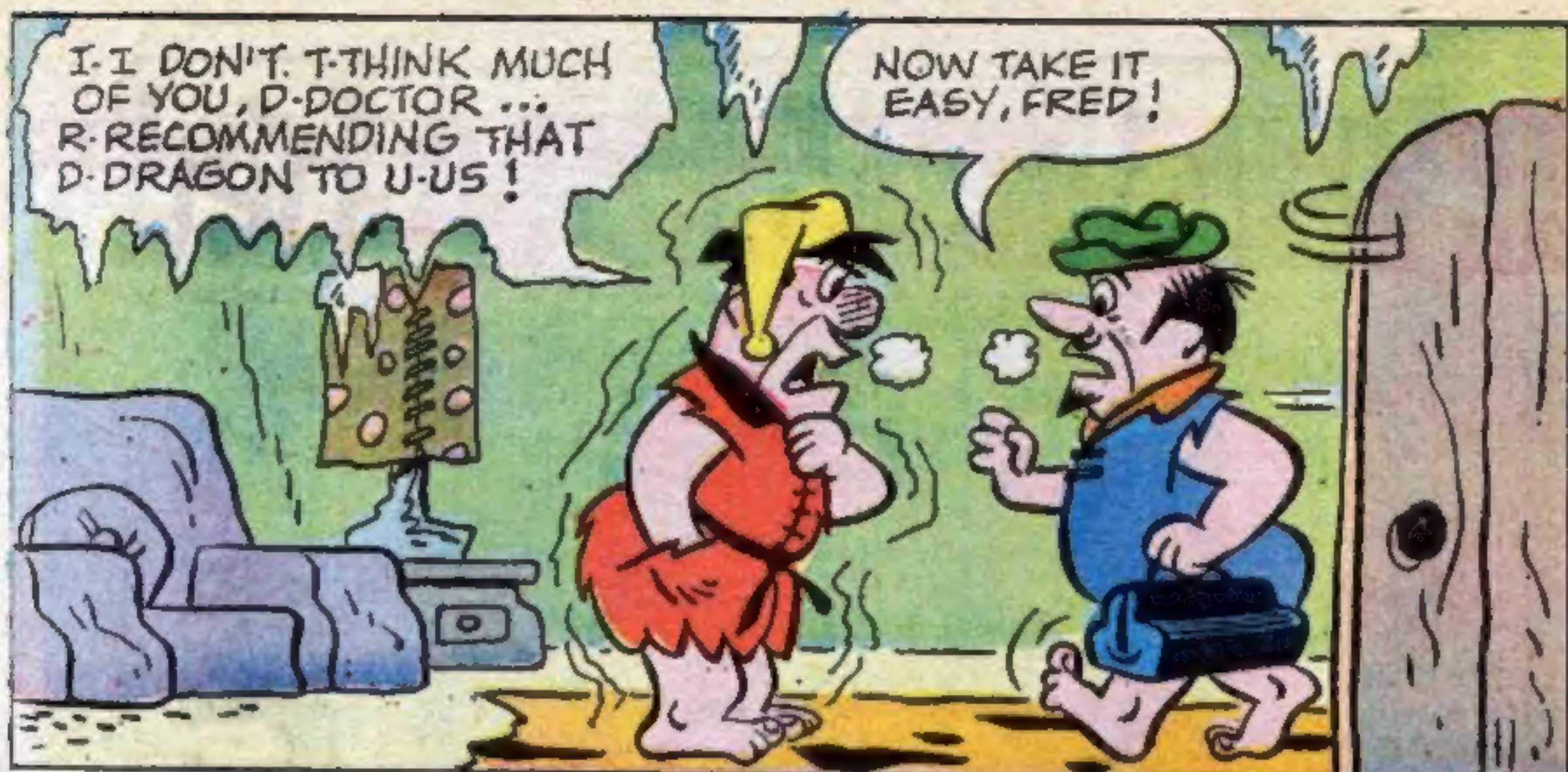
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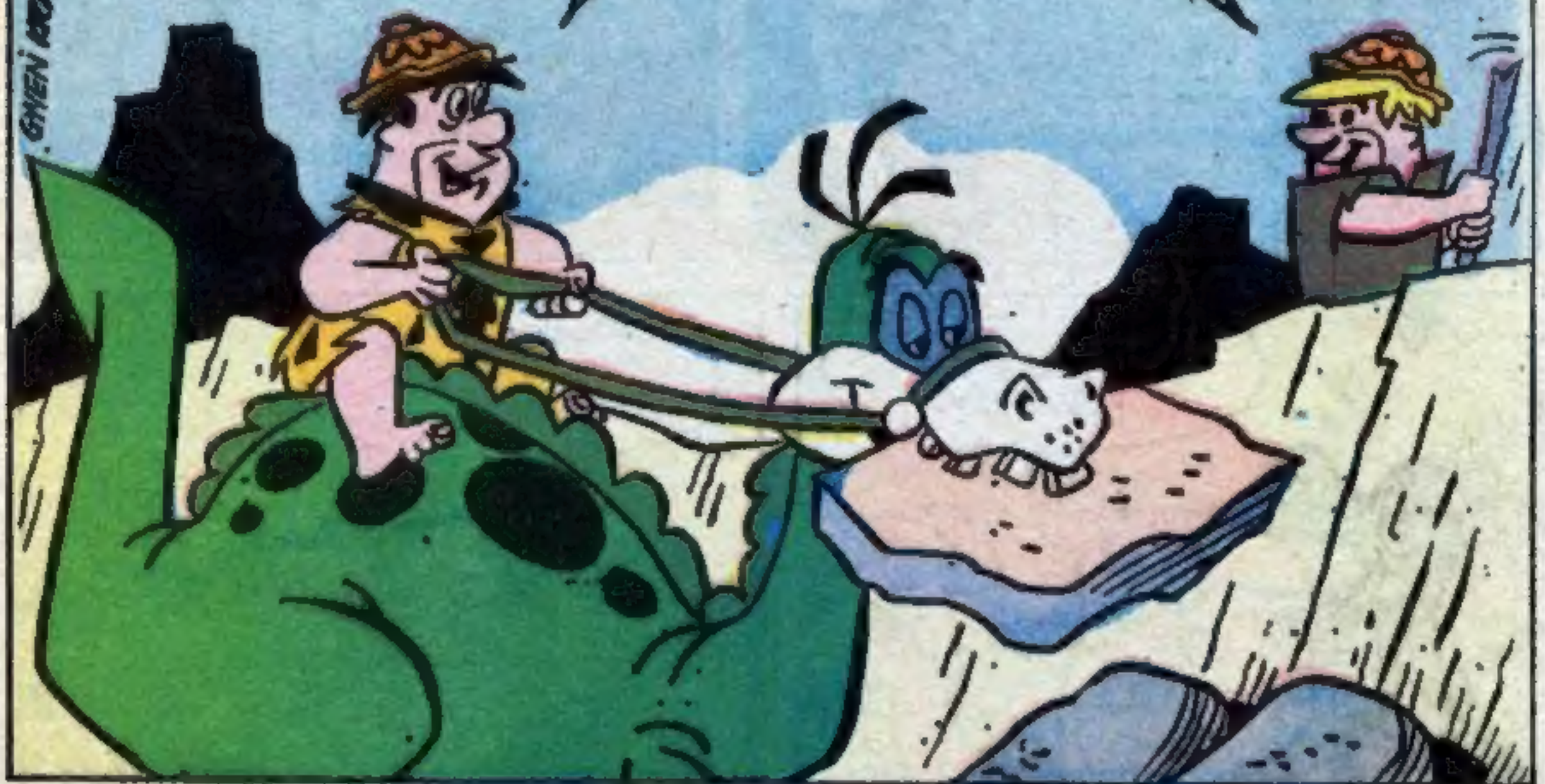


The FLINTSTONES Hard Working Fred

DURSO
GIVEN HOUSE/RY

NEARLY QUITTIN' TIME,
BARNEY! I'M GLAD
THIS WEEK'S OVER!

ME TOO, FRED, IT'LL
BE GREAT T' RELAX
OVER THE WEEKEND!



THERE SHE BLOWS,
BARNEY, LET'S
GET HOME!

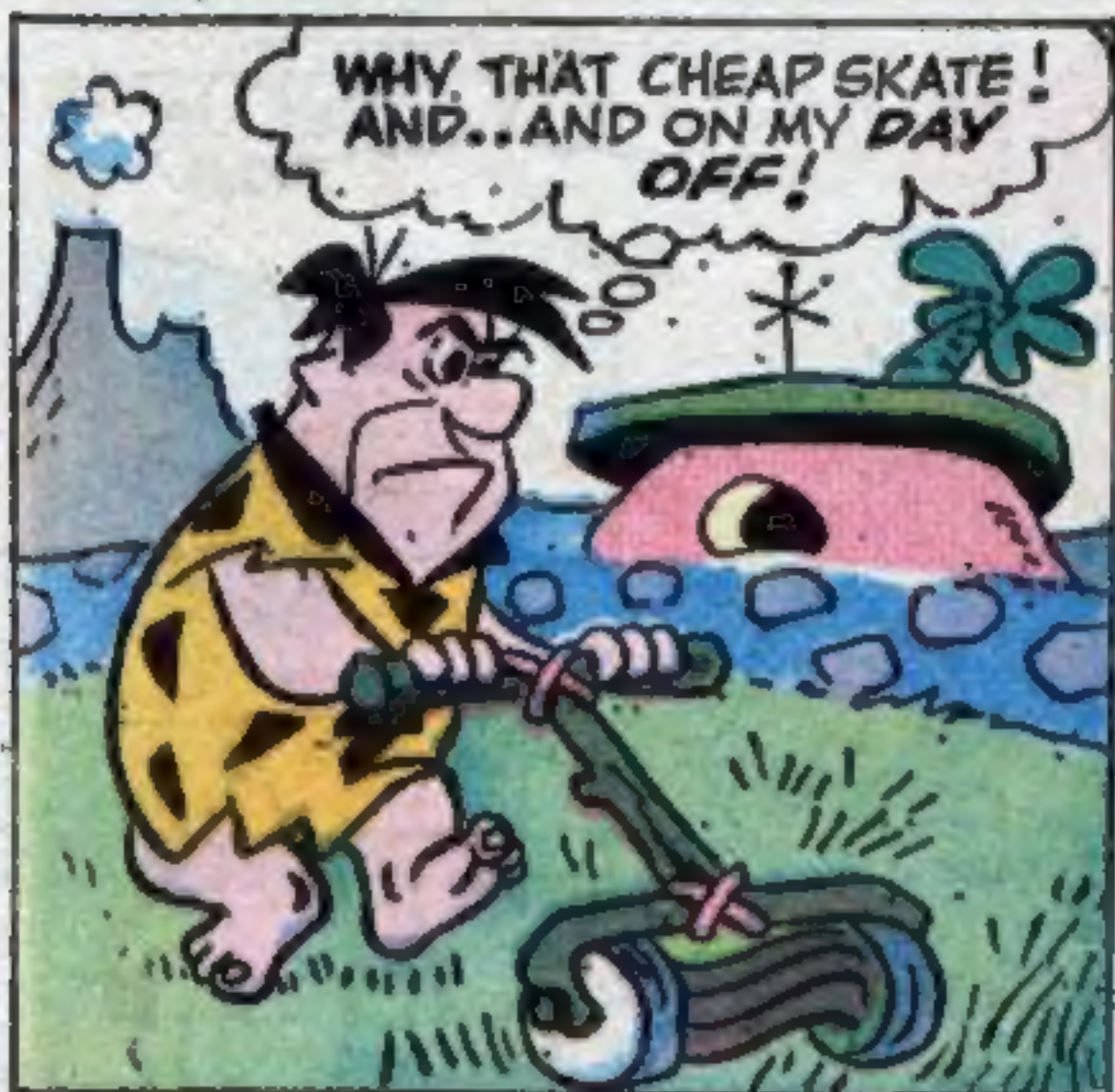
JUST A MINUTE,
FRED FLINTSTONE,
I WANT TO SEE YOU
IN MY OFFICE!

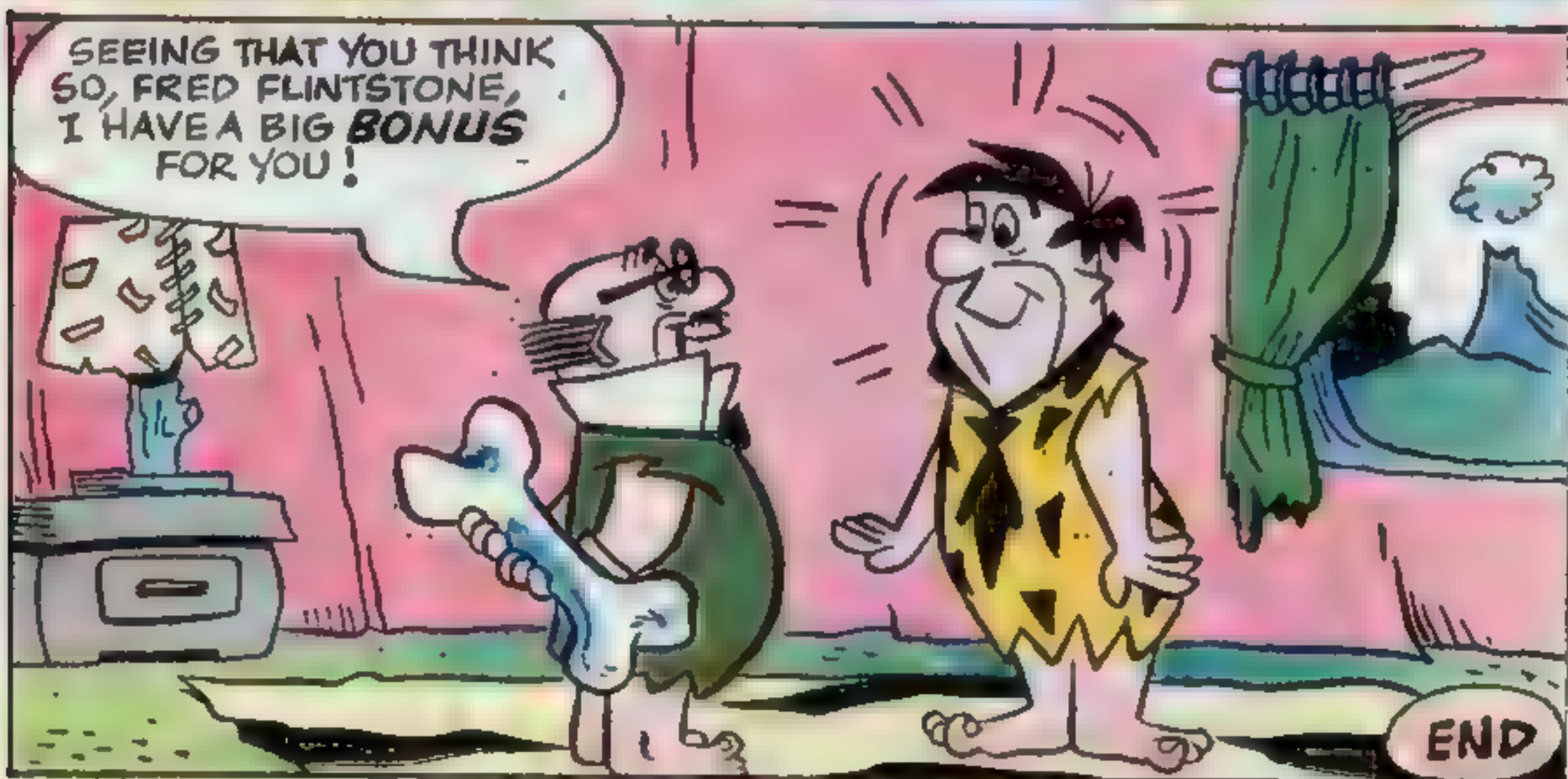
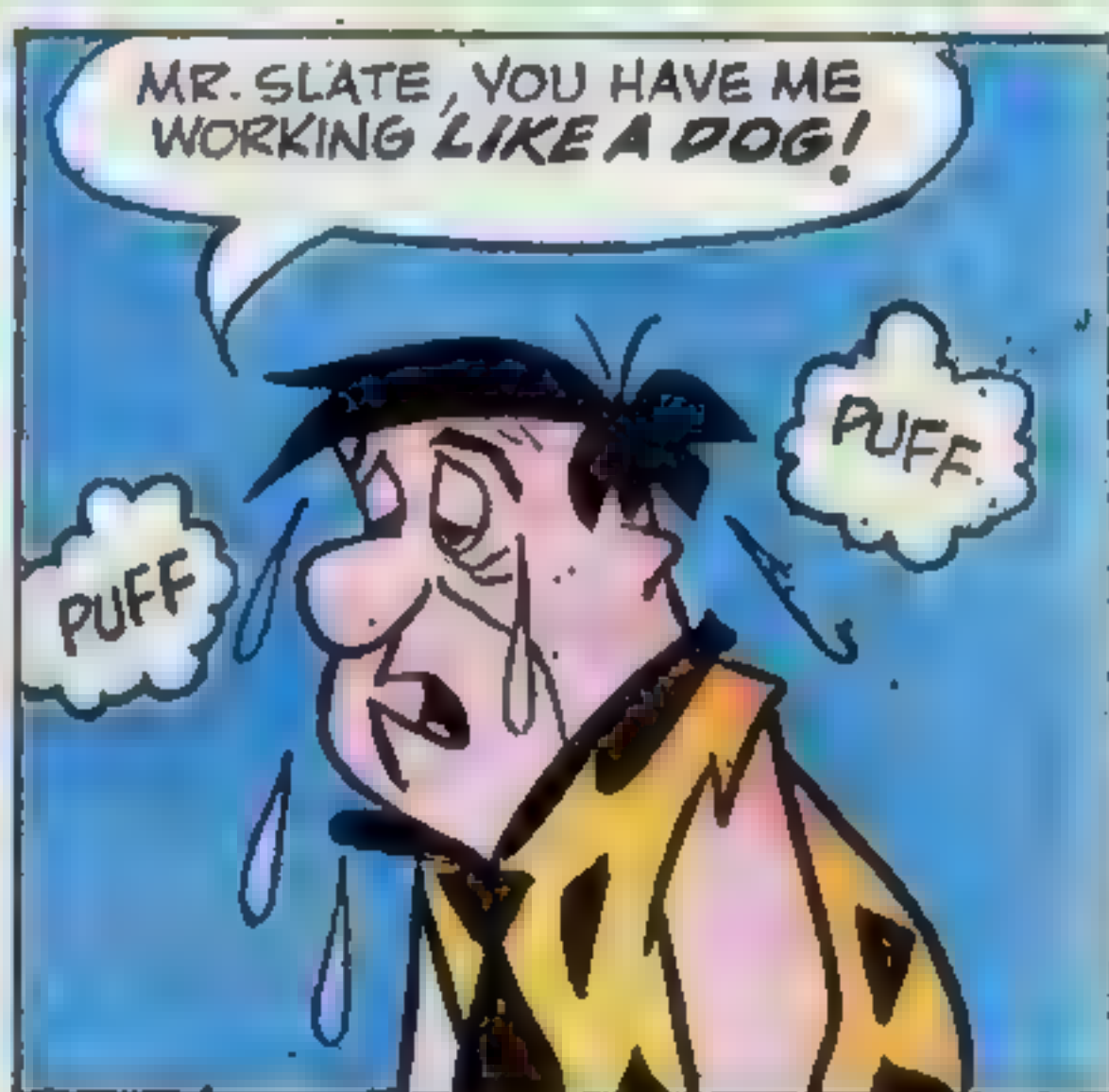
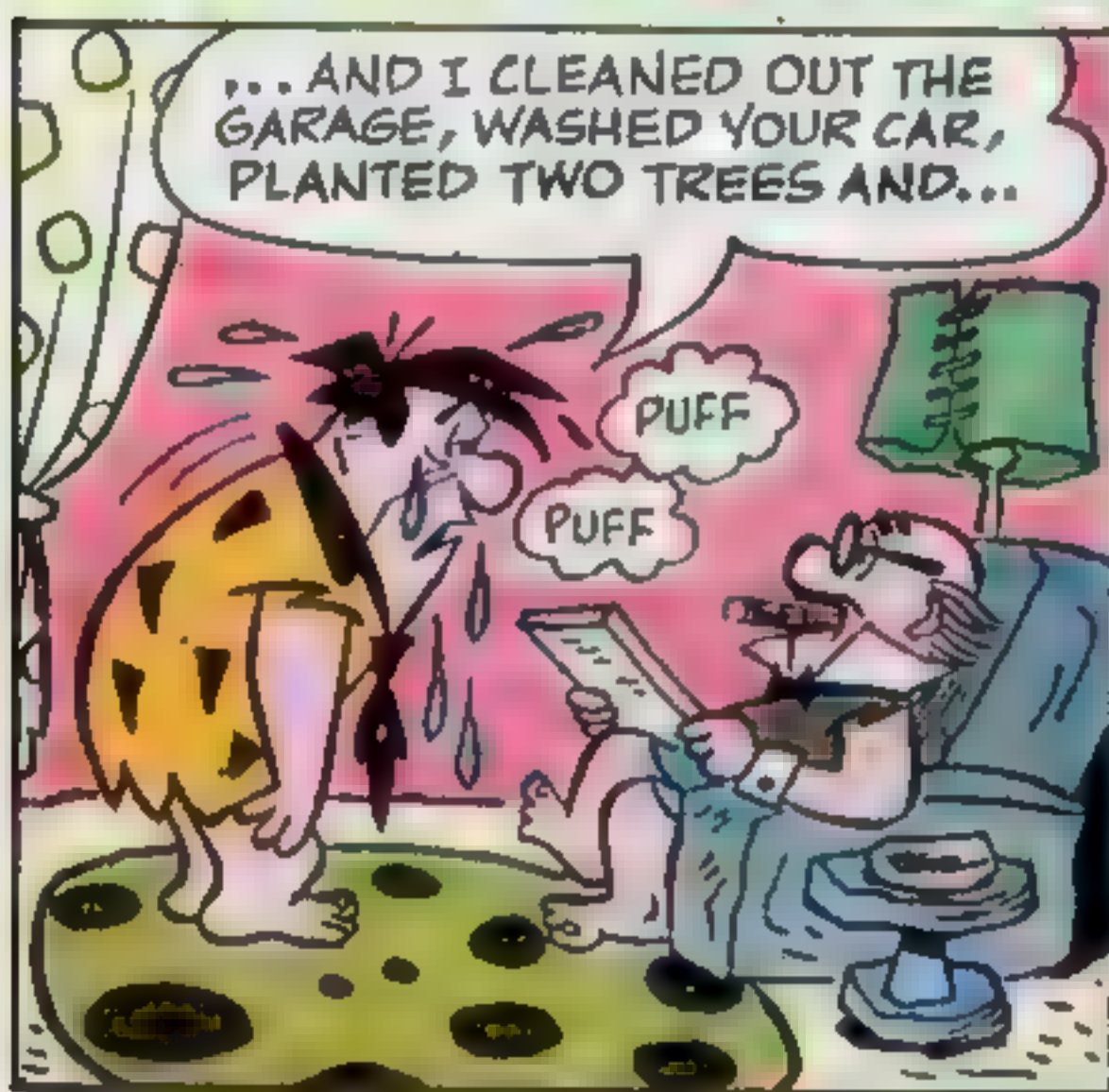
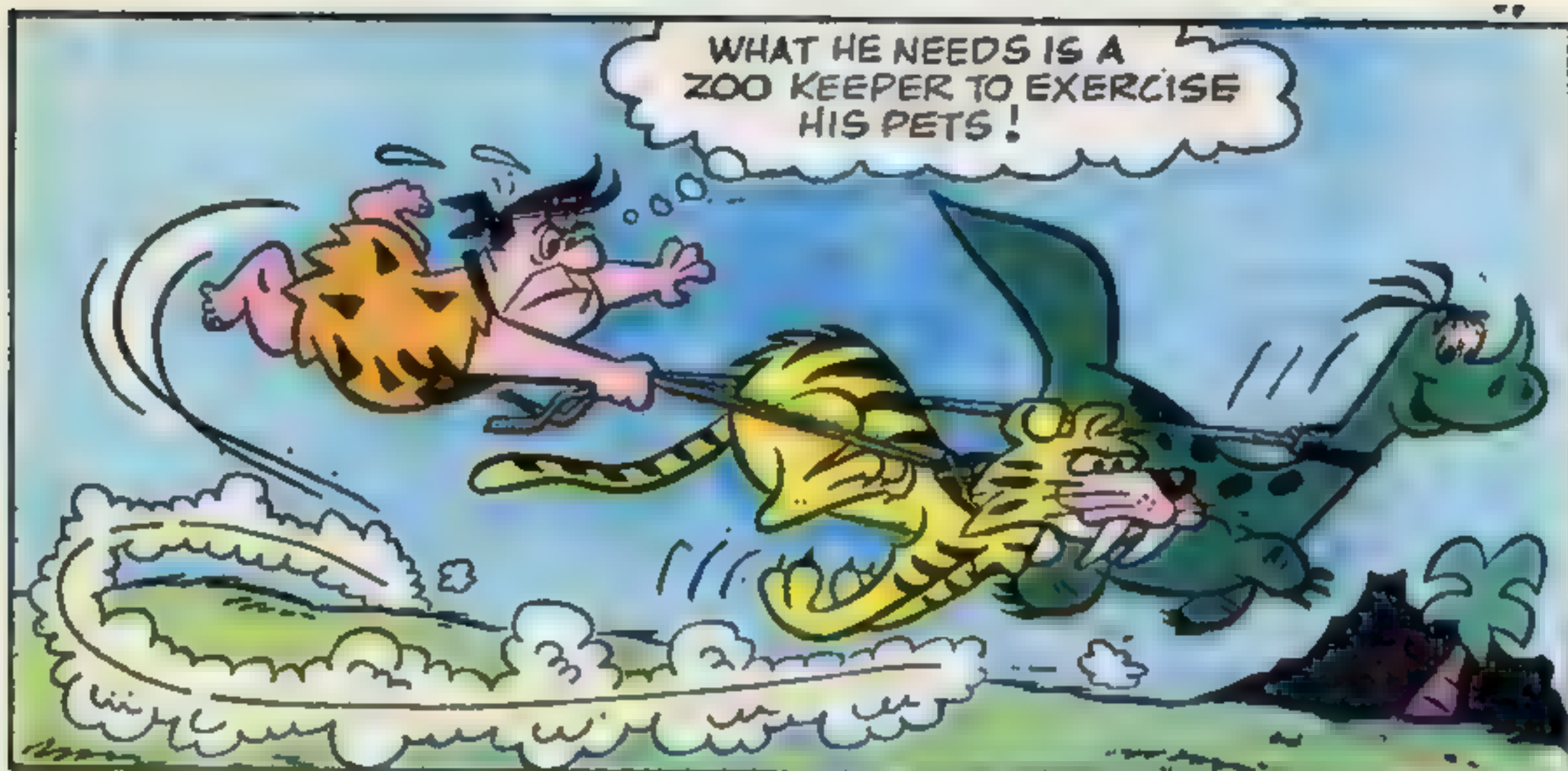
AAARRRRKKK







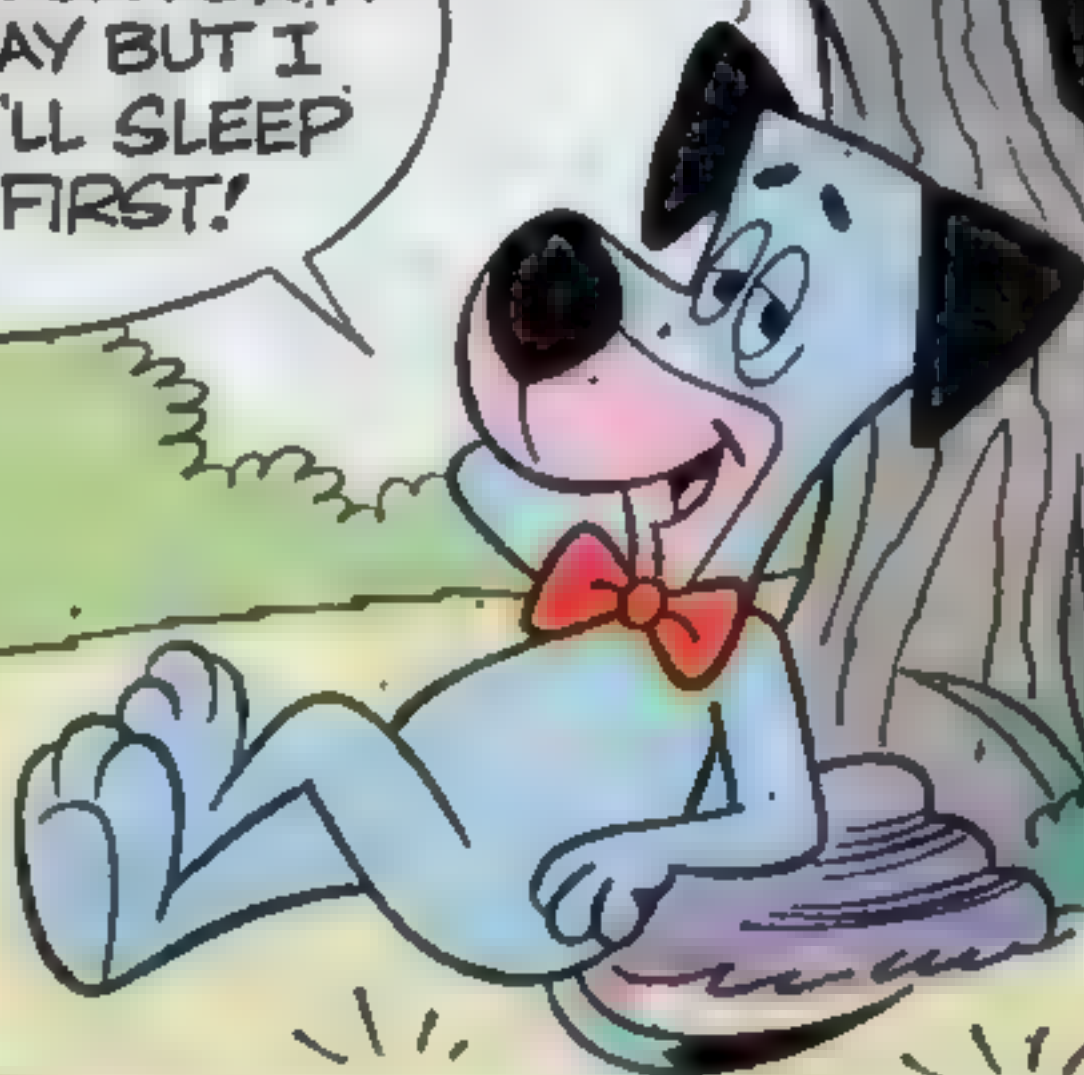




HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

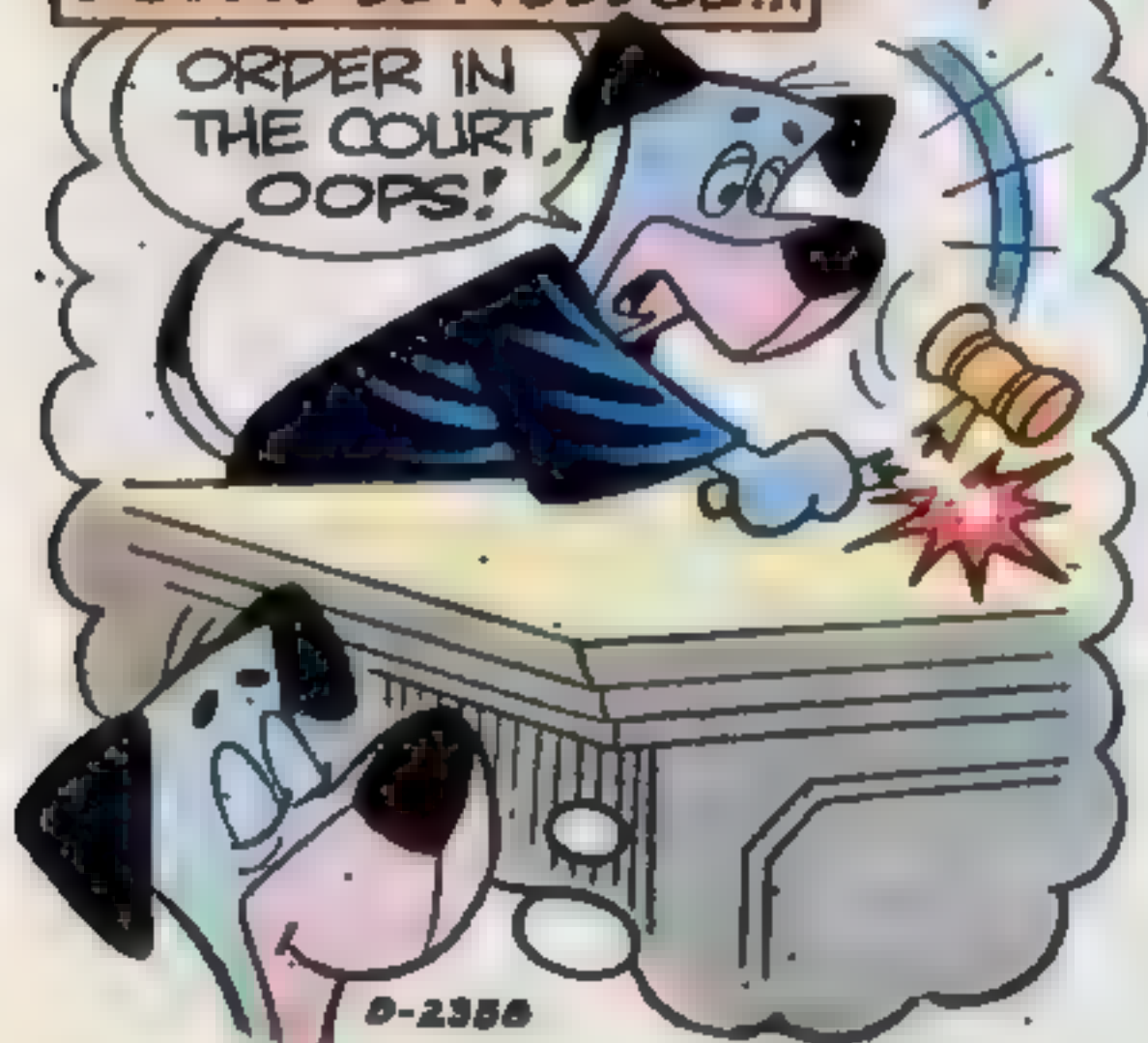
The RIGHT JOB

WELL, I GUESS I
SHOULD LOOK FOR A
JOB TODAY BUT I
THINK I'LL SLEEP
ON IT FIRST!



I COULD BE A JUDGE...

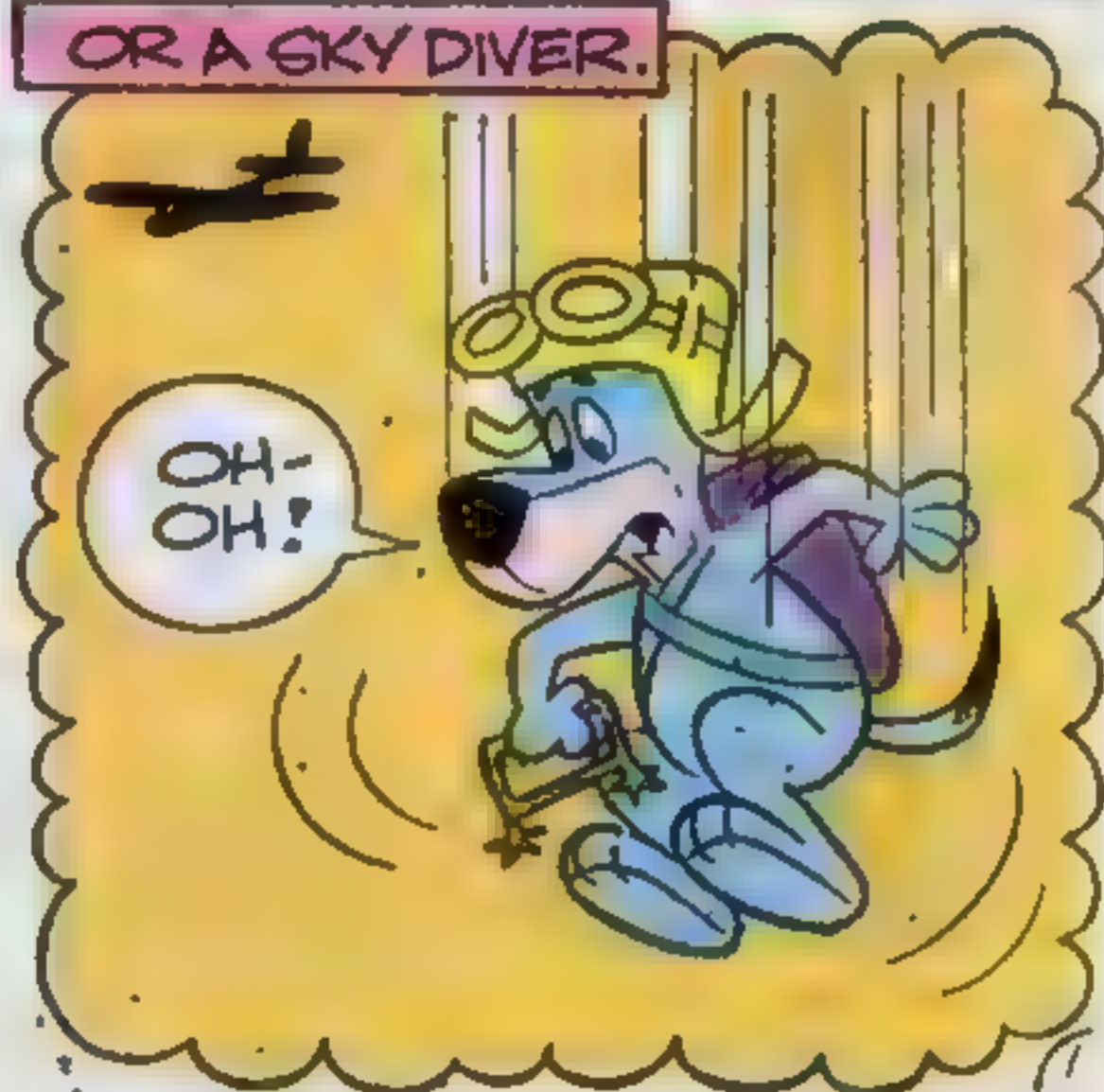
ORDER IN
THE COURT,
OOPS!



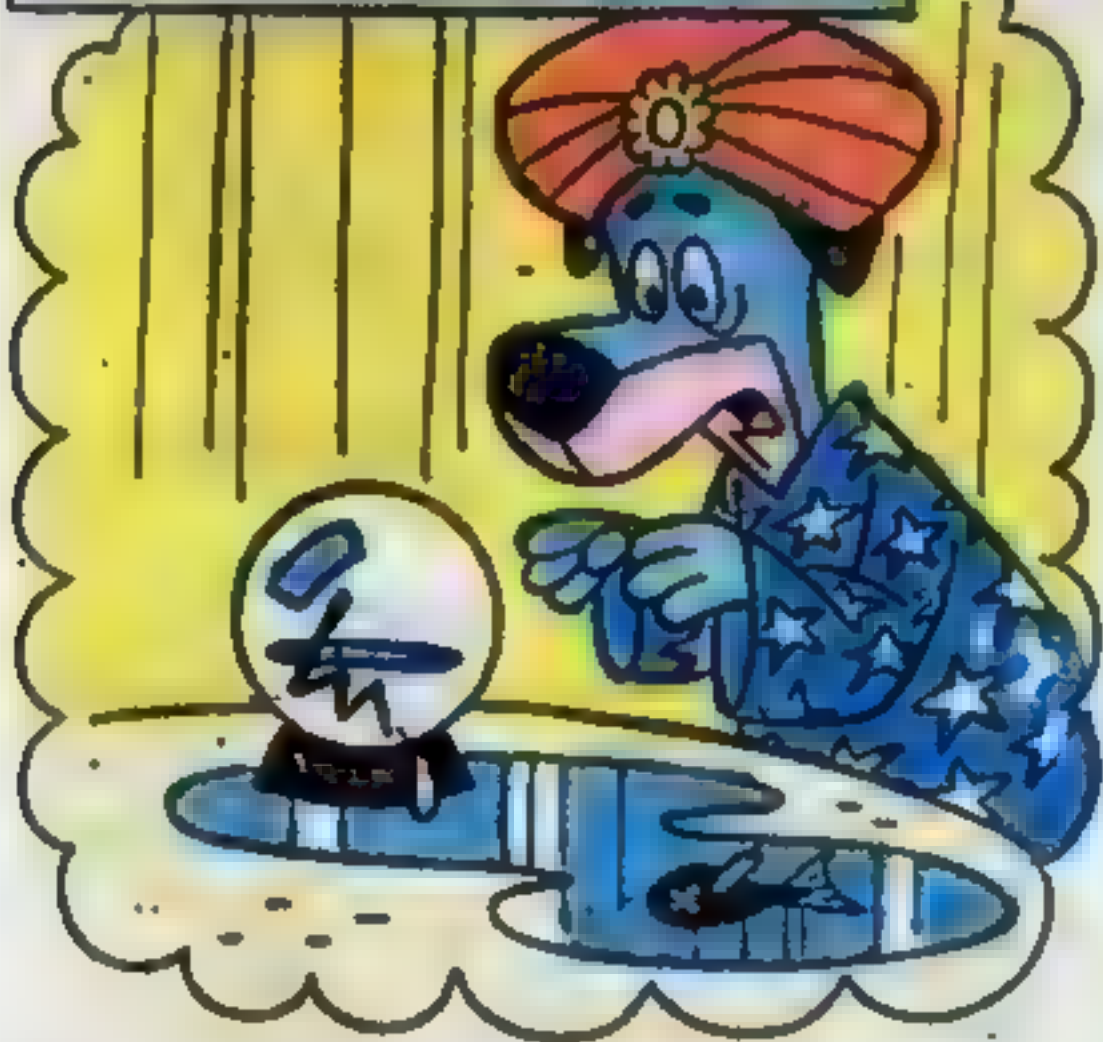
D-2356

OR A SKY DIVER.

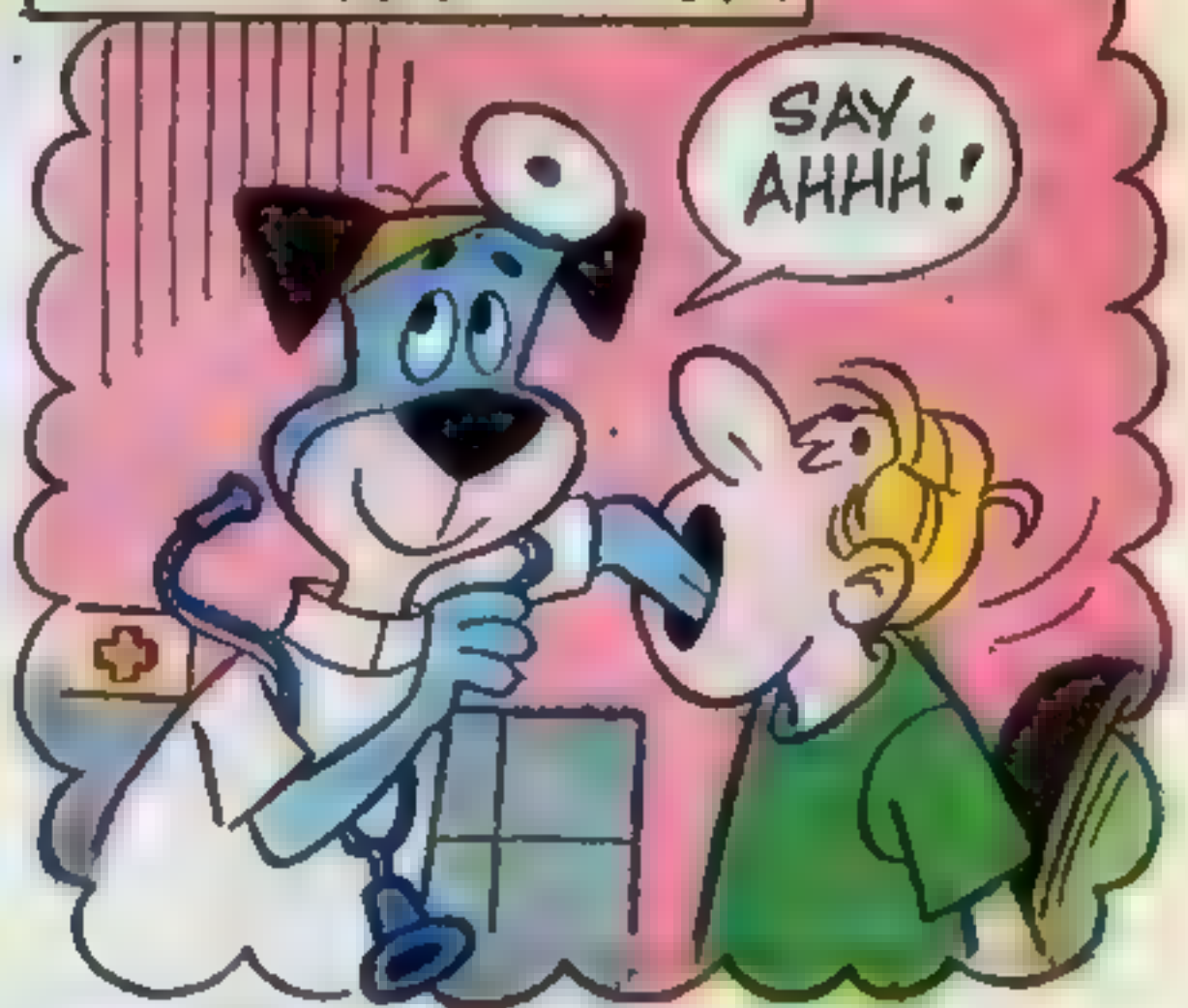
OH-
OH!



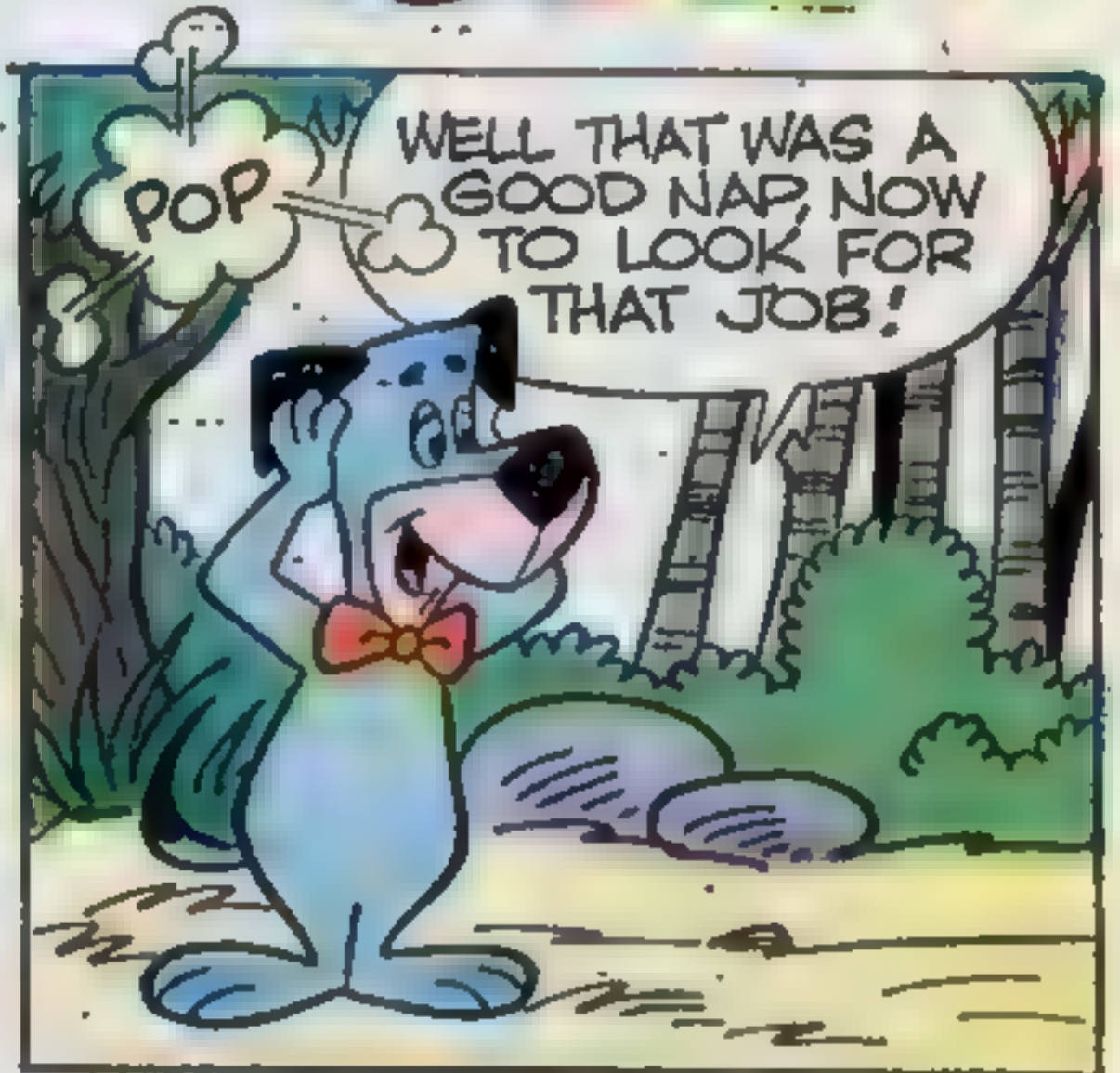
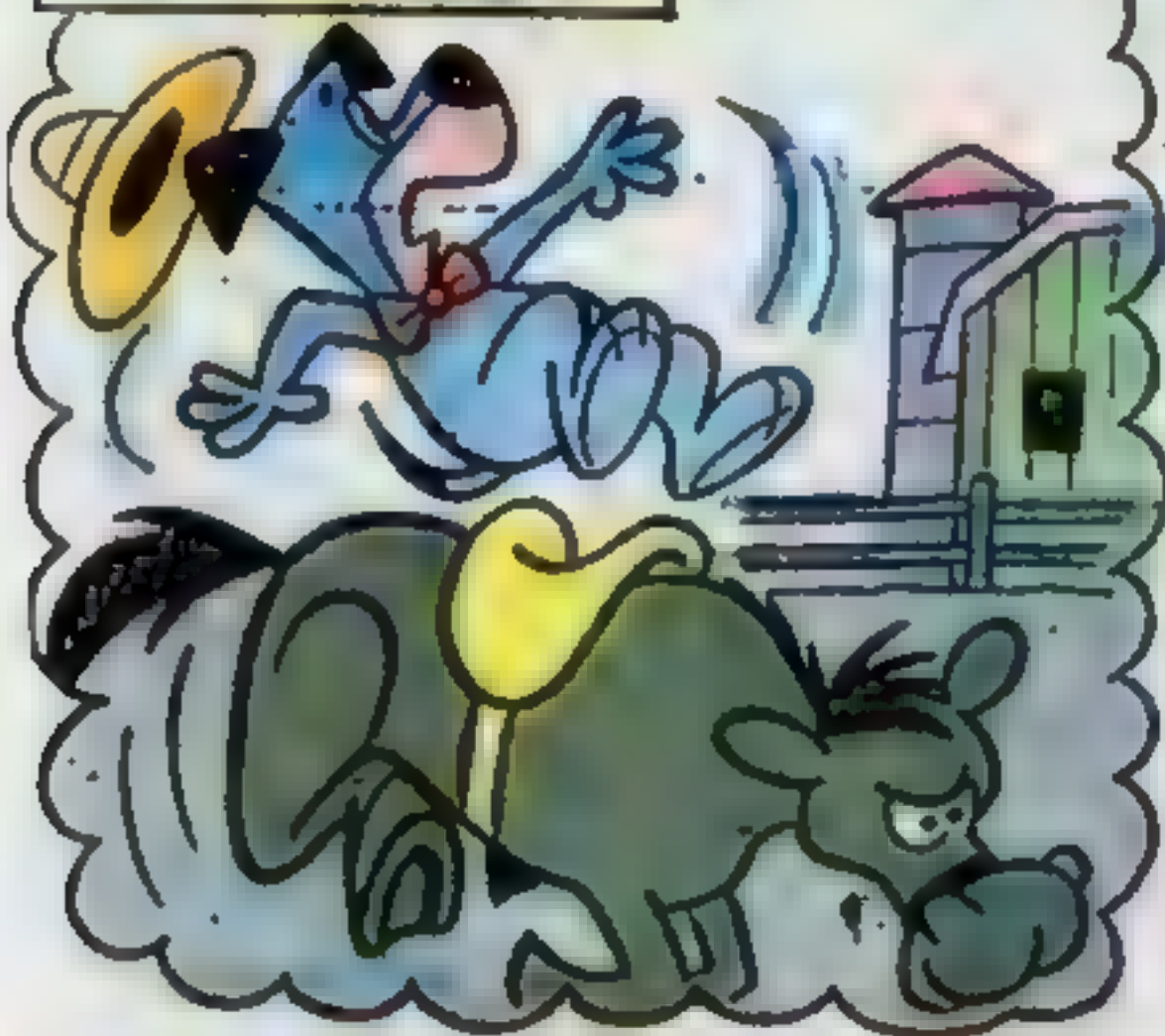
OR A FORTUNE TELLER...



OR MAYBE A DOCTOR.

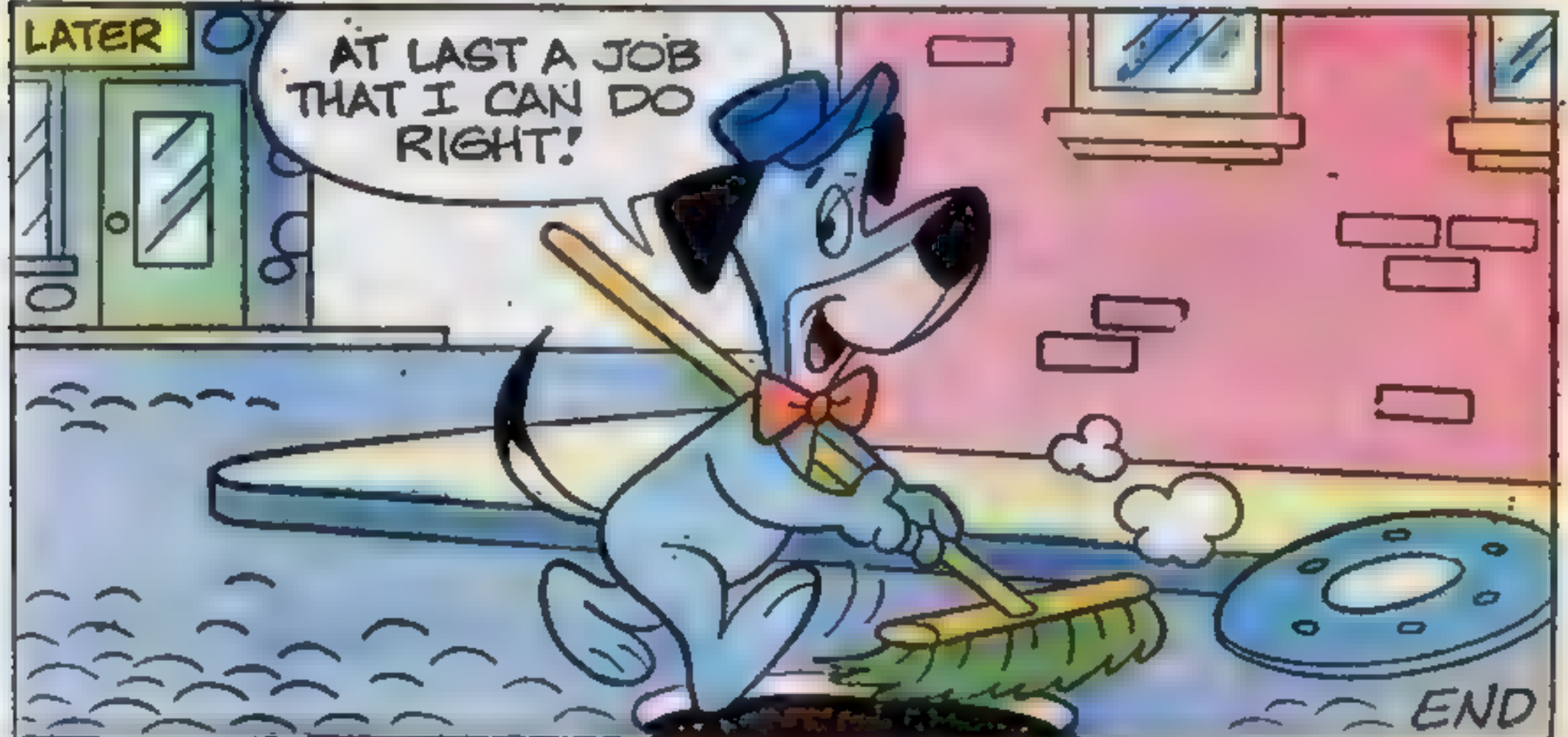


OR A COWBOY...



LATER

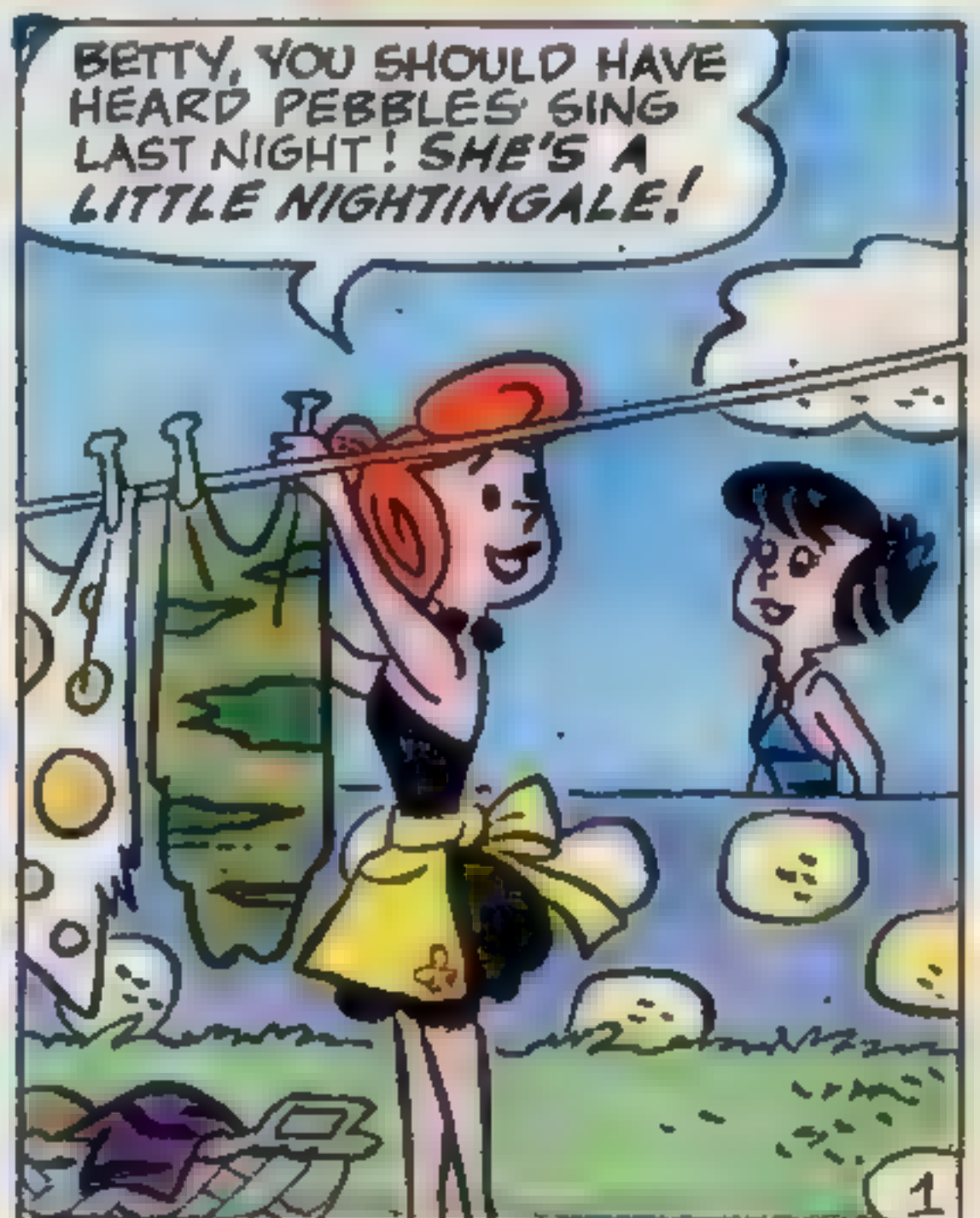
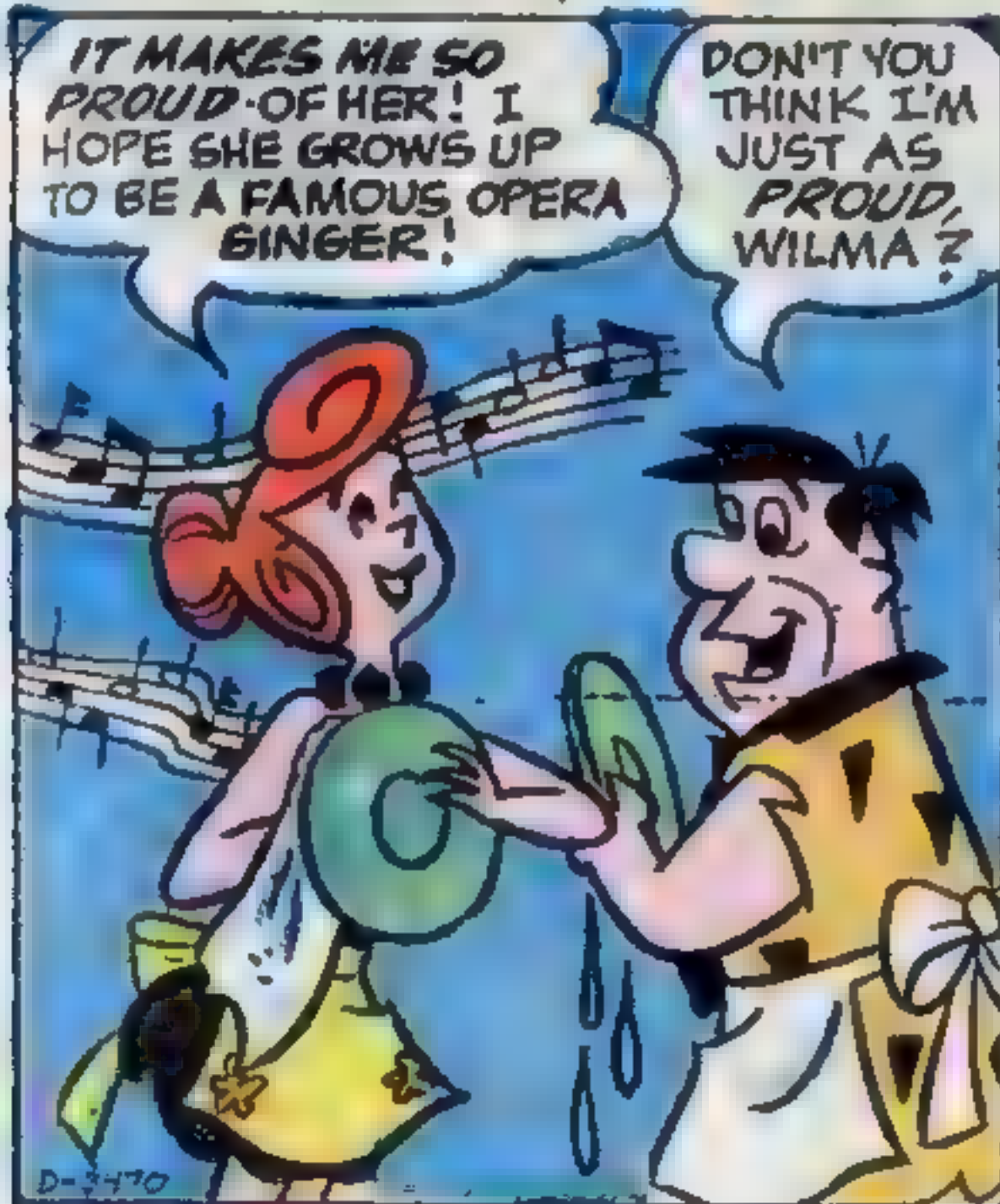
AT LAST A JOB
THAT I CAN DO
RIGHT!

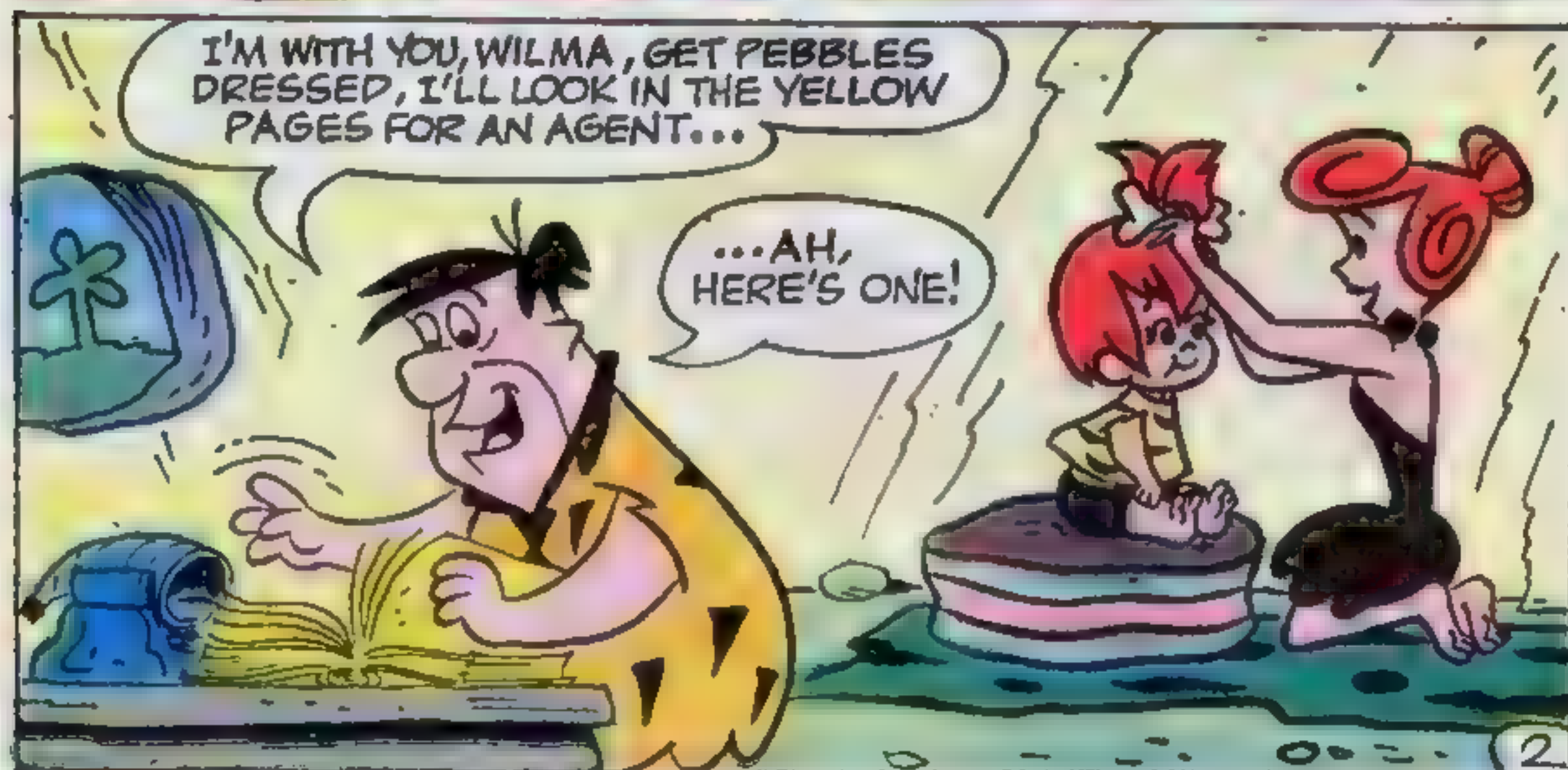
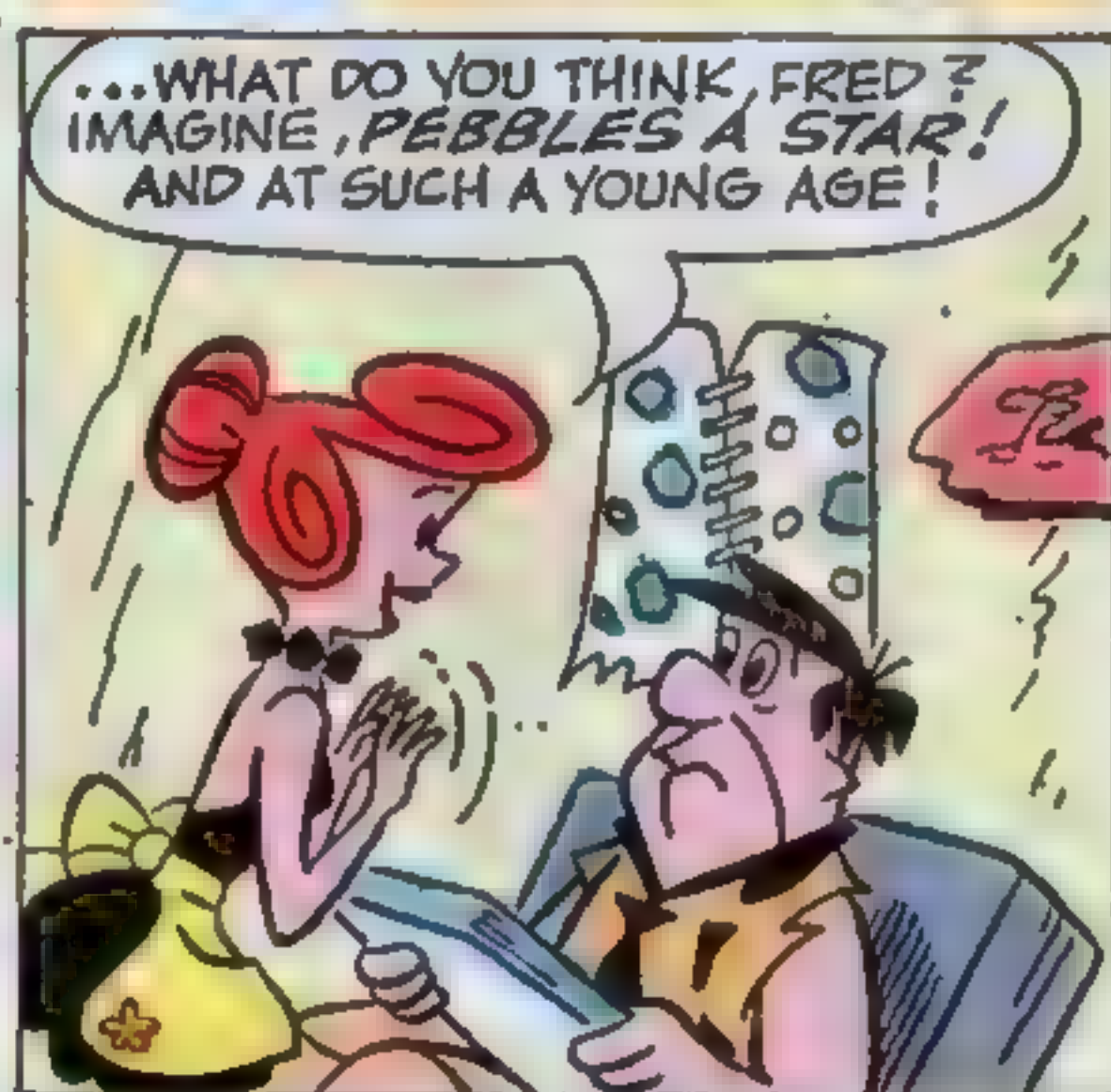
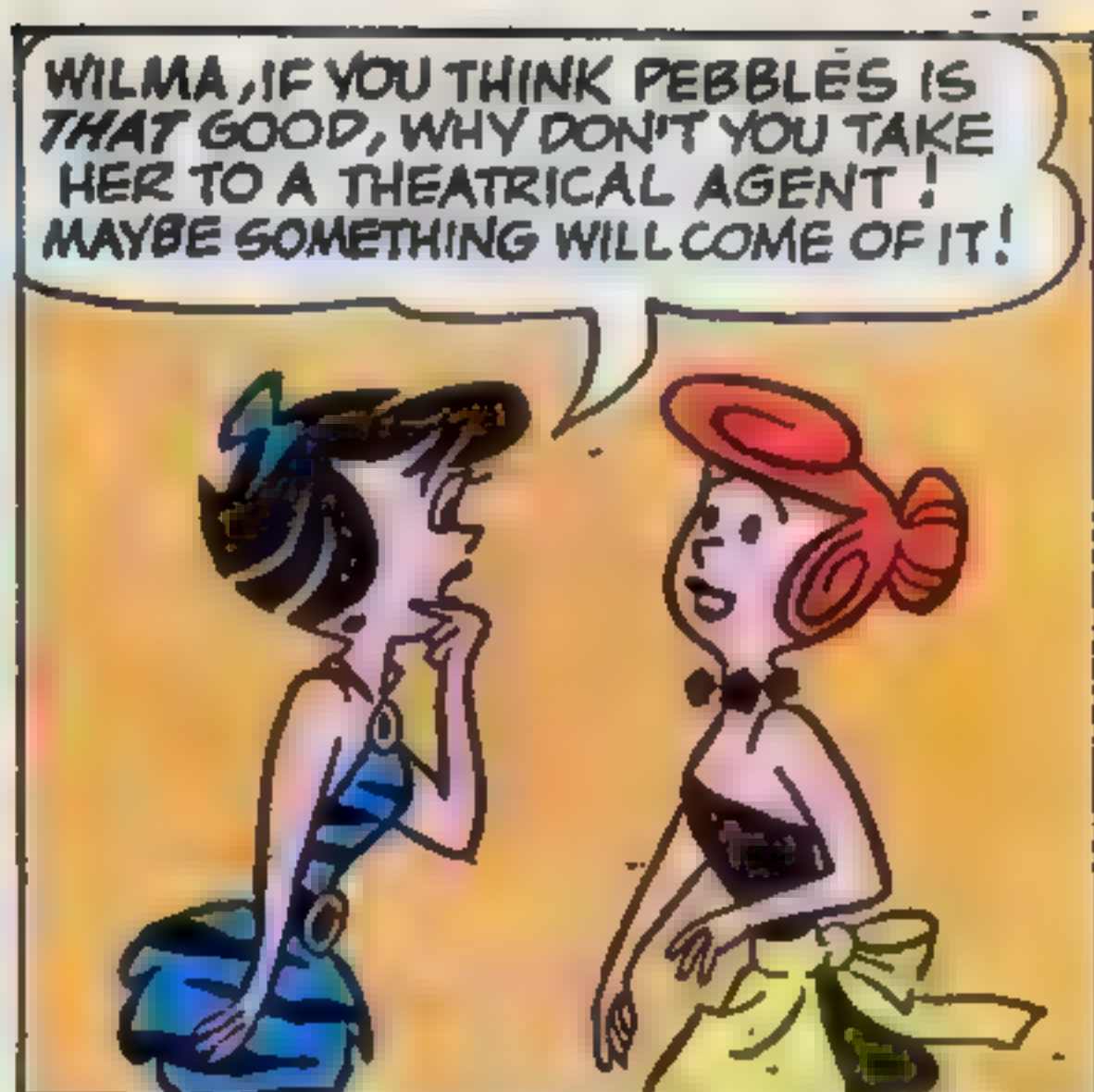


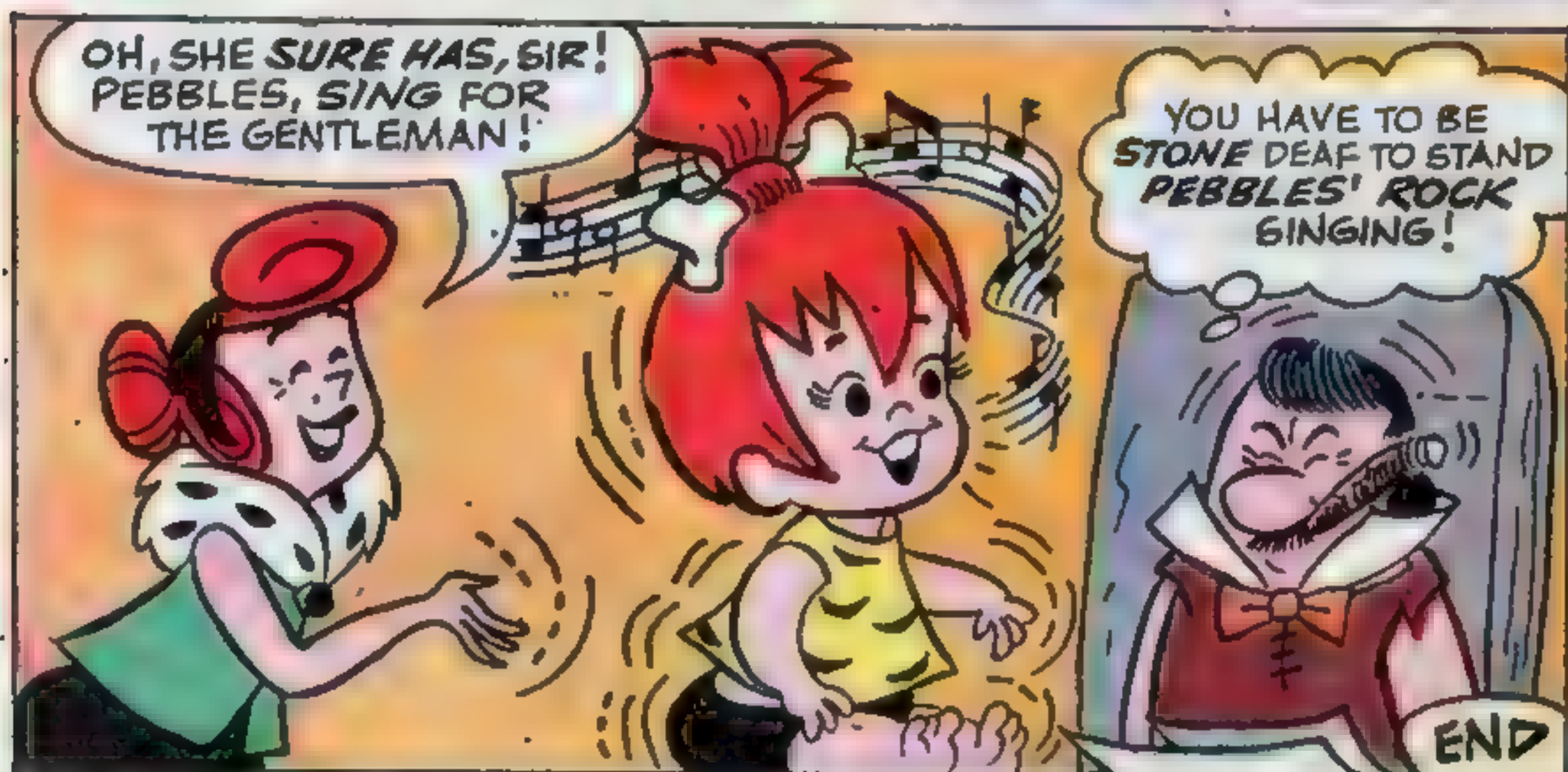
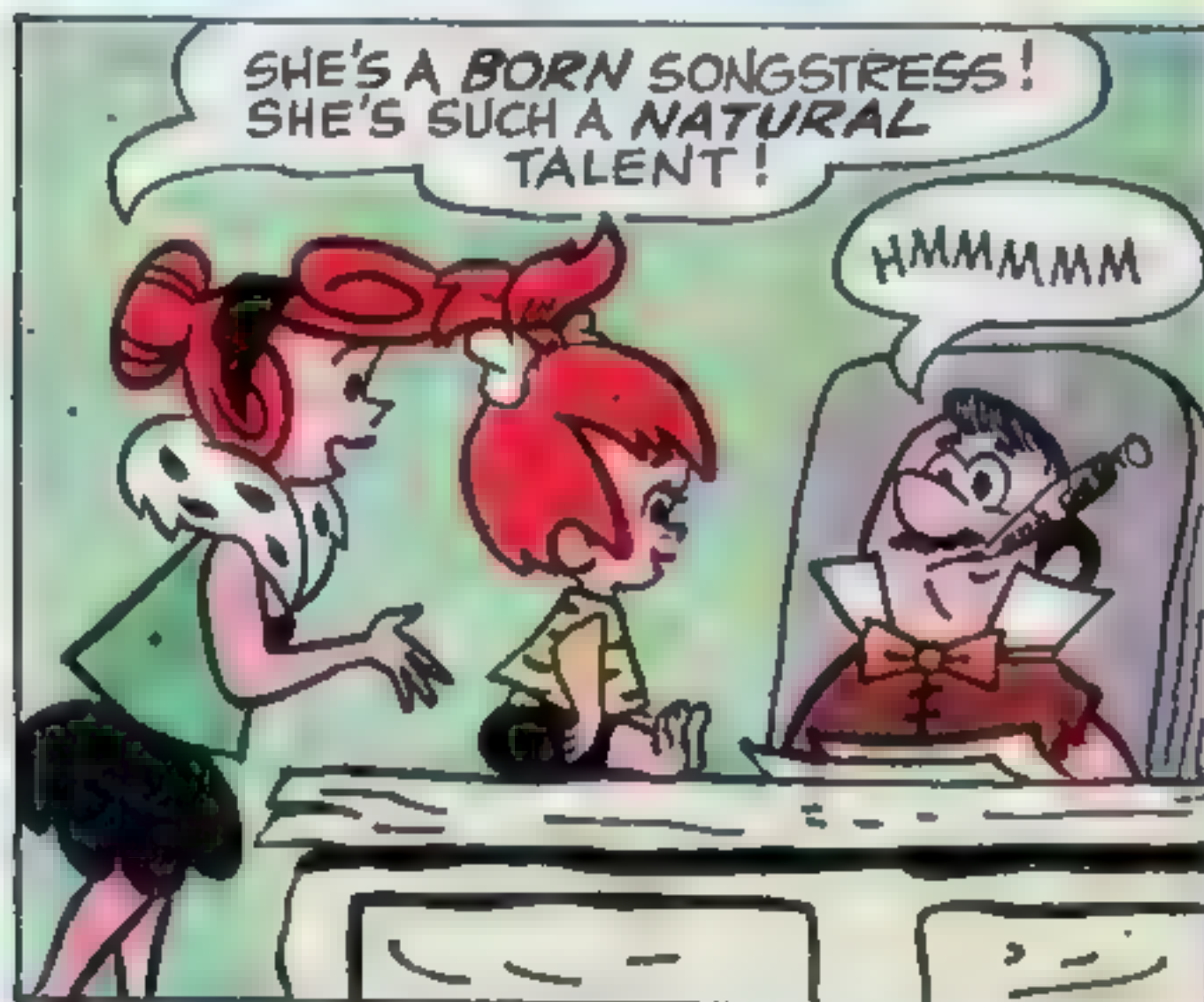
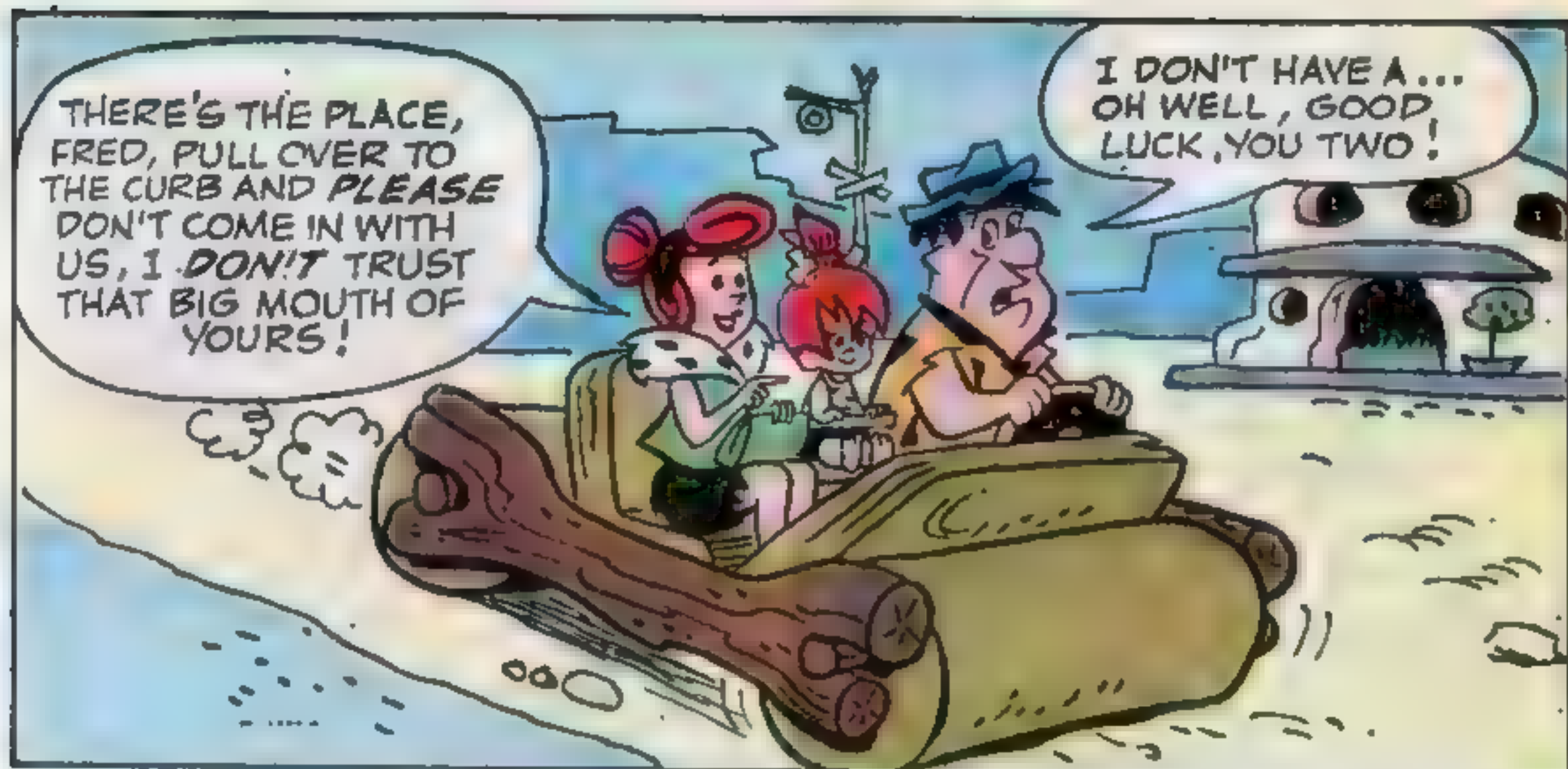
END

THE
FLINTSTONES
in

Rock a bye my
Ba-a-by.







RANDY THE RAINMAKER

Ronald Markson, the man commonly known as "Randy the Rainmaker" was born some time about 1825. And he died on March 17, 1915. From which you can deduce he lived a rather long life. He first appeared at about the age of ten in the company of one Captain Hiram Bedlows. In later years the old sea captain would relate that the parents of Ronald Markson had been killed in an Indian attack on a wagon train. The baby was spared and later ransomed by the Captain. It may or may not be true. One thing was certain: The boy had unusual talents and the old sea salt was quick to see that money could be made. At first he would travel from town to town with the boy.

"Come here, folks," he would say. "For just one quarter of a dollar you can buy a bottle of Miracle Medicine. Will cure anything that is wrong with you. I have a long list of testimonials - if you can read them."

The boy would go among the crowd and sell the bottles and collect the money. Then this all changed. Suddenly the boy became known as "Randy the Rainmaker."

"I have brought to you a boy gifted with the spirit of the East," was the new talk of the Captain. "He can bring rain to you. He knows how to call the clouds."

Without rain there would be disaster. The river beds would be bare to the ground. The wells would have no drinking water. The crops would wither on the ground. The livestock would die. Rain, rain, that was what was needed.

Some say that the old Captain knew a lot about weather conditions which he taught to Randy. And Randy was very clever as he grew older.

"You pay me half of the fee now. The other half when the rains begin. But you must all agree on how much rain you want - and when you want it," he would tell the folks.

Then one day he received an urgent message to come to Fort Bacon. The U.S. government needed his services in a hurry. And when he arrived at the Fort, Colonel Henry Jackson told him about the situation.

"Unless there is rain in a hurry there is going to be a lot of trouble. The Indians are restless. They need rain. The settlers are in the same mood. All we need just now is one Indian attack and the entire frontier will be ablaze. You're no miracle man. But I have an envelope with five hundred dollars if you can successfully help us."

So a pow-wow was called. Leading Indians and their squaws. And the leading citizens of the town of Ridgefield appeared with their families. Randy wore a theatrical outfit. With a lot of brass buttons sewed on his coat.

"I have heard the call to come to help you," he began. "And because you are good and peaceful folks, I will do this for you without charge. But you must agree on what day you want the rain. And how much."

"It can begin today, which is Monday," said one man. "Unless I get it soon all my crops will die."

"Not today," said a woman. "We women are here in our fine clothing. We will be drenched to the skin if it rains. Make it tomorrow and a lot of it."

"Not tomorrow," said an Indian Chief. "On Tuesday we smoke our meats and fish. If it rains then we can't light our fire. So make it on Wednesday."

"Not on Wednesday," shouted a young boy. "On that day we are going to have a school picnic. You can't enjoy yourself if it rains. So make it on Thursday."

"Never on Thursday," shouted an Indian brave. "That is the day of the week that we go and hunt the buffalo. If it rains then our ponies will get stuck in the mud. And it is very difficult to shoot our bows when it rains. So make it on Friday."

"Not Friday," said an old man. "I am a peddler. On my back I carry a heavy sack. Filled with cloth, needles, threads, and other items that the people need. I go on foot. If it rains it will be too much for me. So let it rain on Saturday."

"Not on Saturday," said an Indian female. "That is the day we go and pick berries. Did you ever try to pick berries in the rain? So make it rain on Sunday."

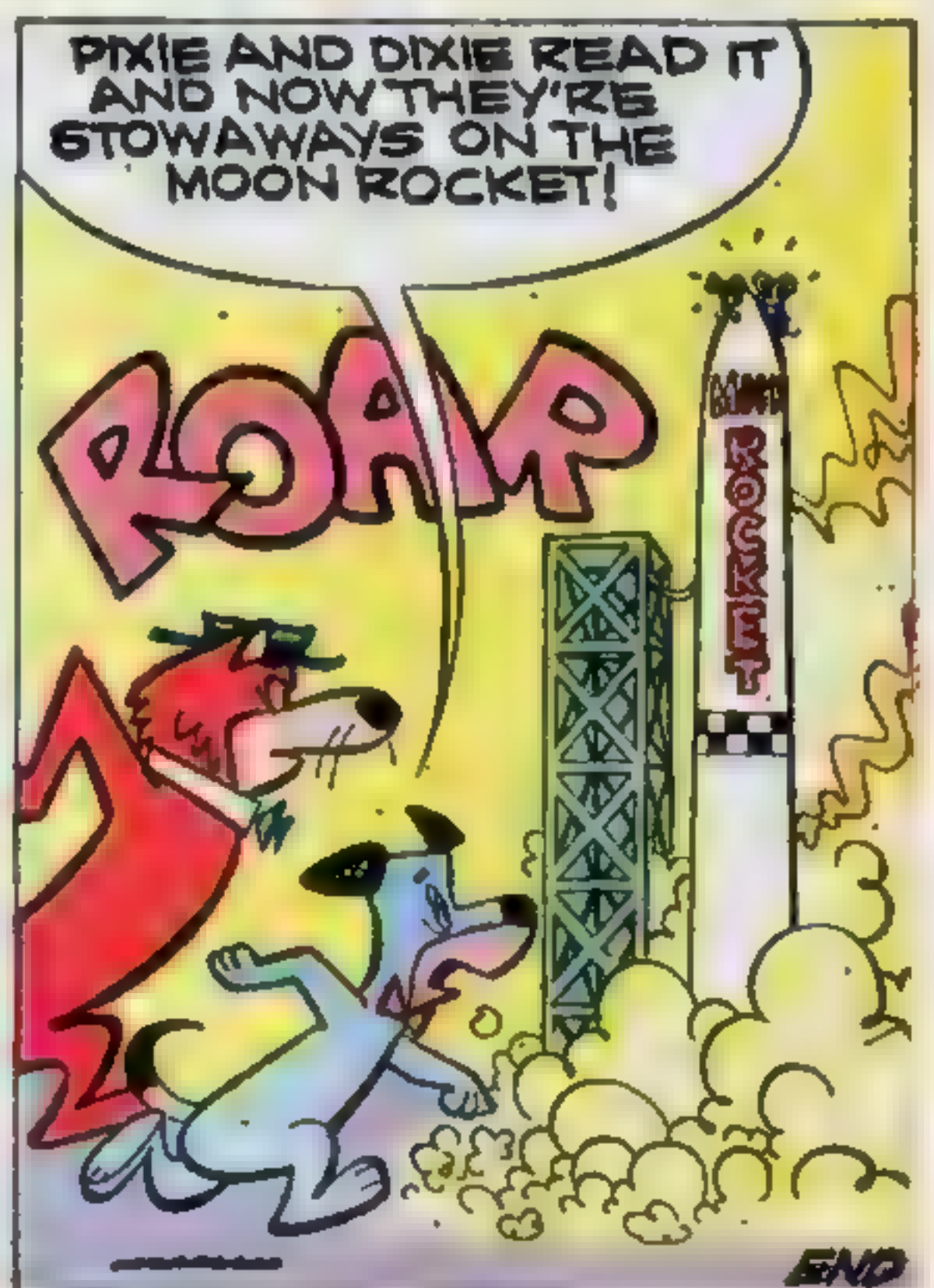
"I am very sorry to disagree about Sunday," said the pastor. "But the folks in our town are peculiar. They do not like to go to the prayer meeting when it rains. I realize we have used up every day of the week. What do you suggest?"

"All of you go home," said Randy the Rainmaker. "I have to think it over. If you get no rain, you can see it isn't my fault. Maybe I will surprise you. Pick a day that suits me. You will have rain," he finished as he noticed a little cloud coming in from the east.

And two days later it rained and rained. It lasted for one and half days and everybody was happy. Including Randy the Rainmaker who collected his fee from the Colonel.

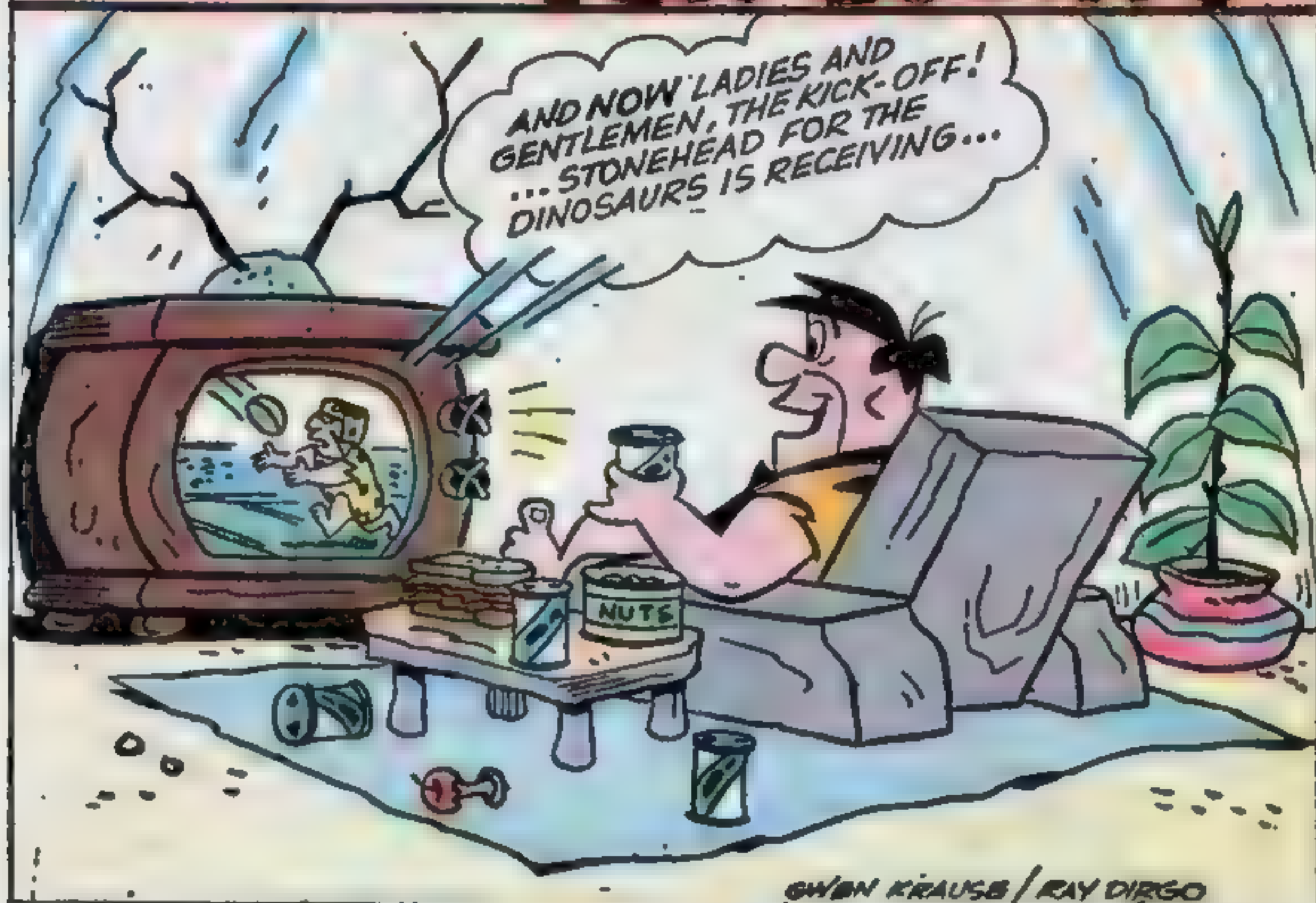
"That cloud came just in time," smiled the army officer. "But my orders are to pay you if it rains. With the way you handled them you ought to go into politics. When you run for office, you get my vote and the vote of every man in the Fort."

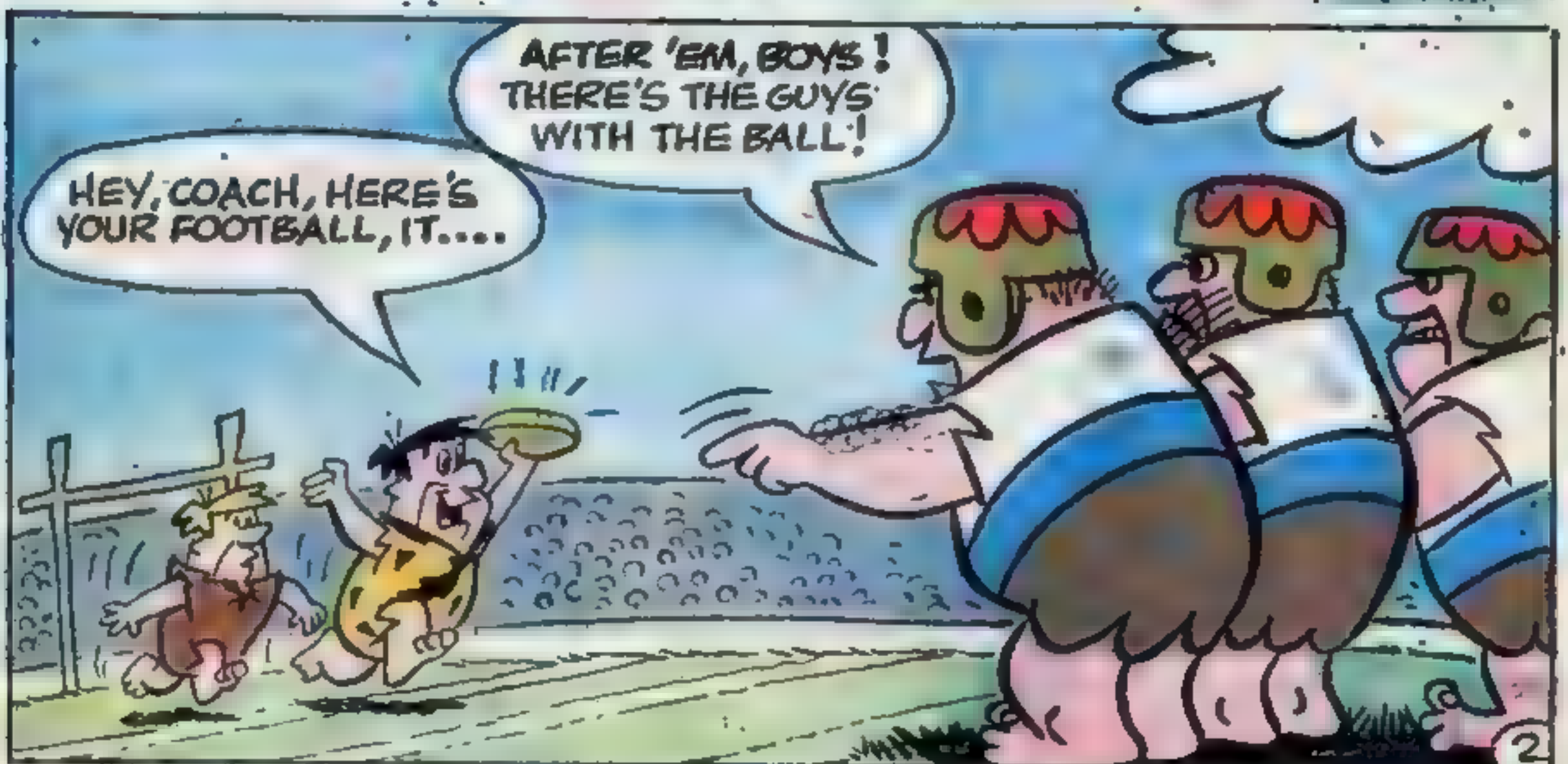
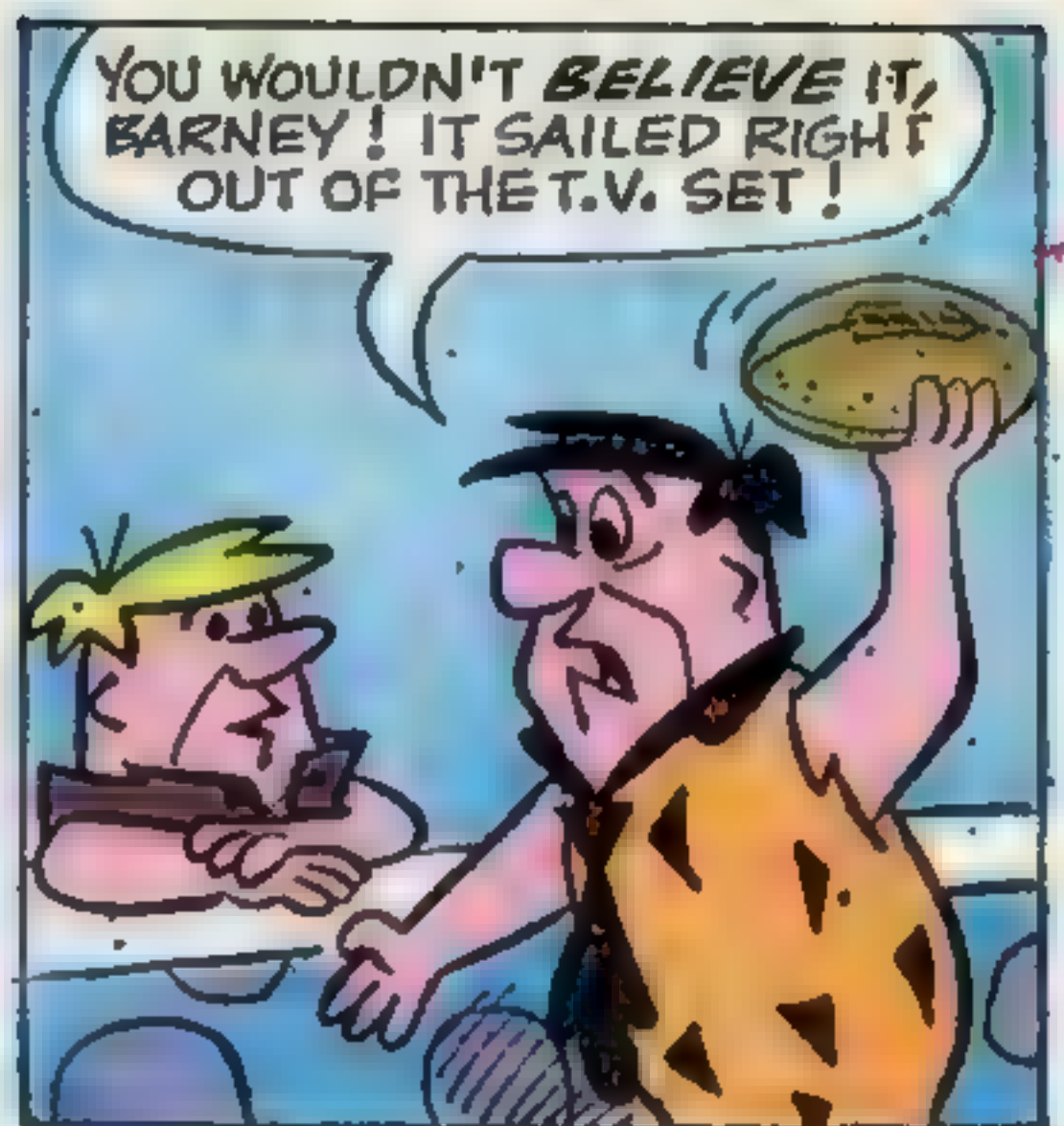
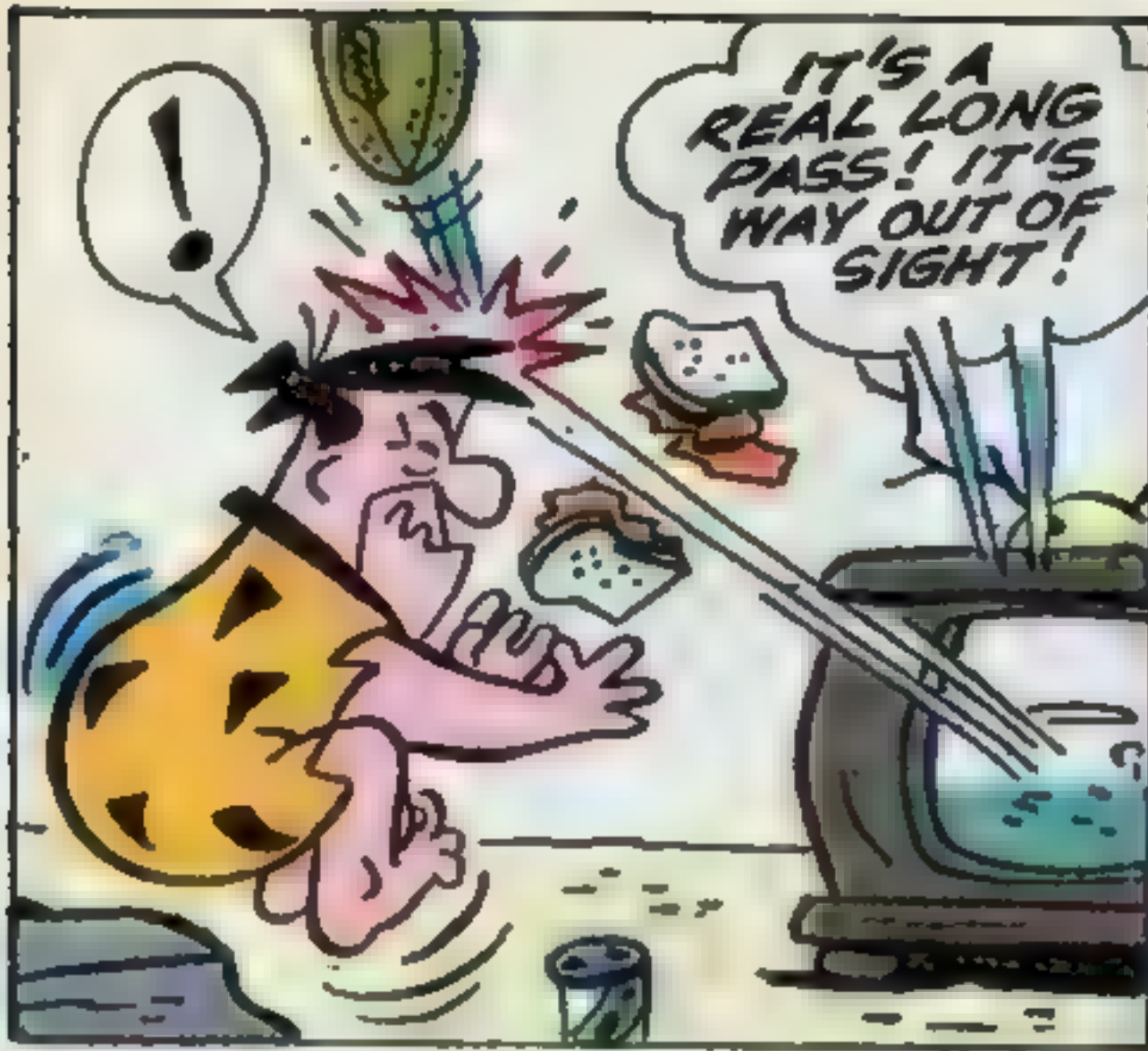
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND In THE STOW-A-WAYS

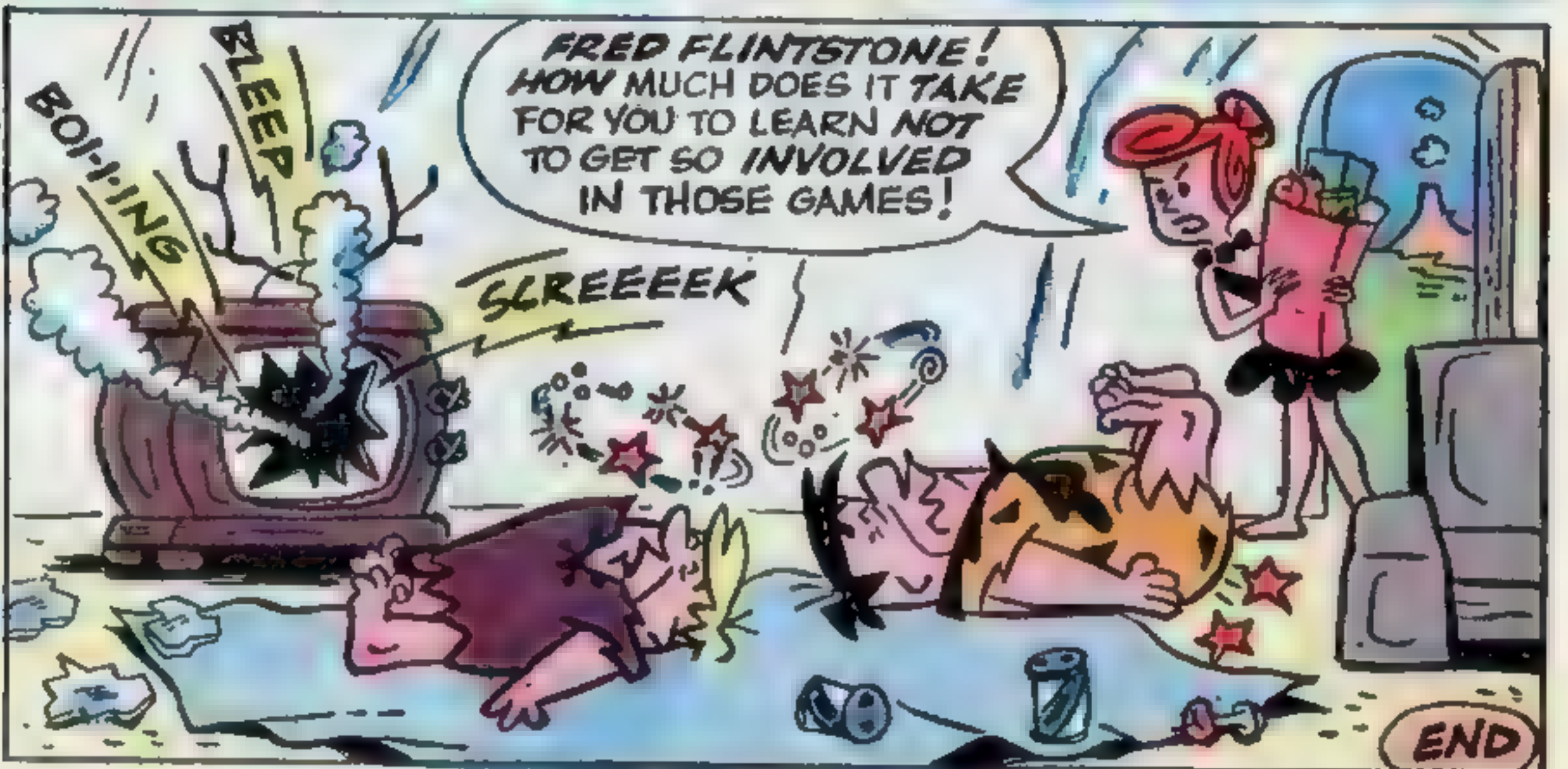
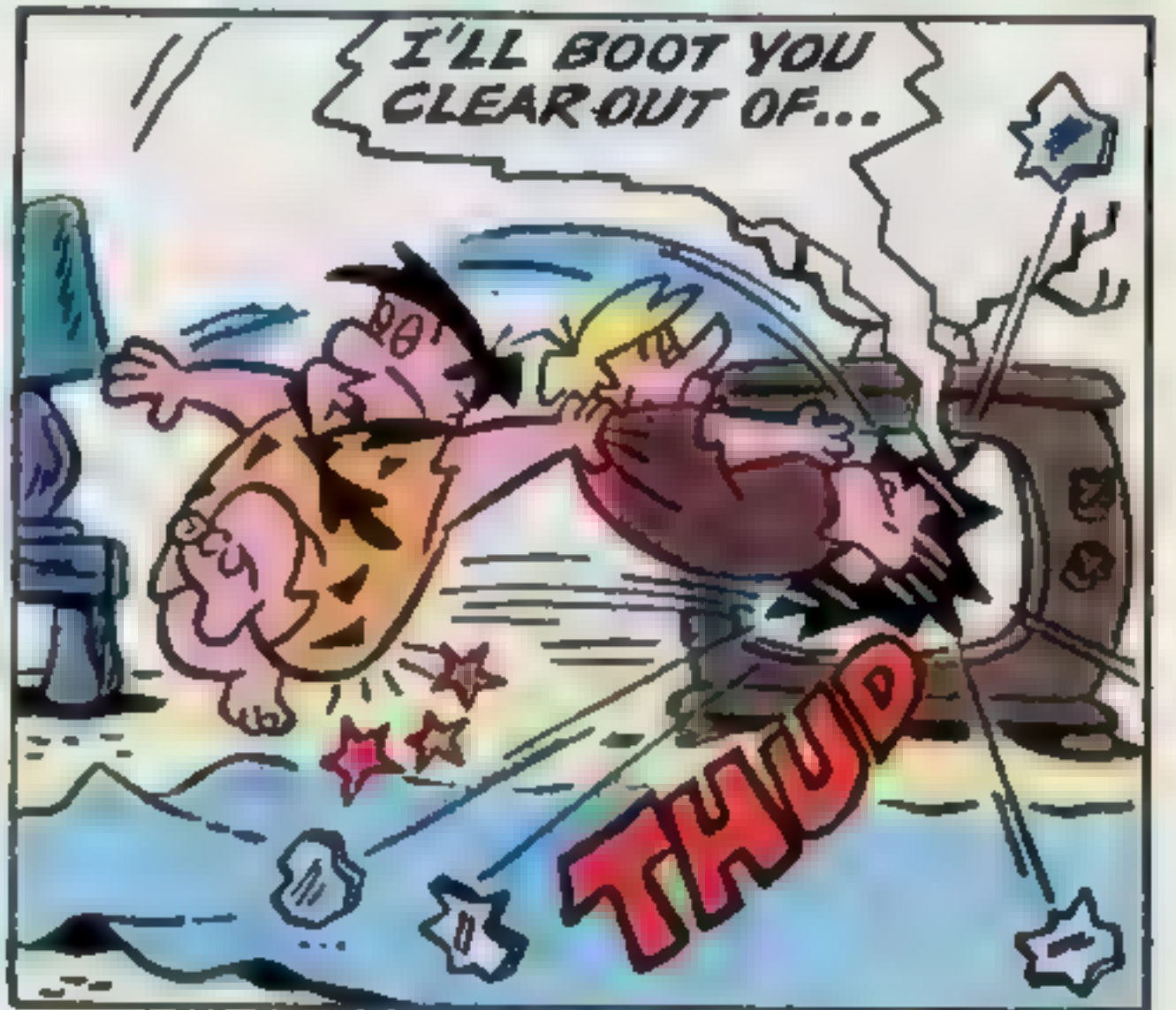


The
FLINTSTONES

CAN'T WIN
FOR LOSIN'!



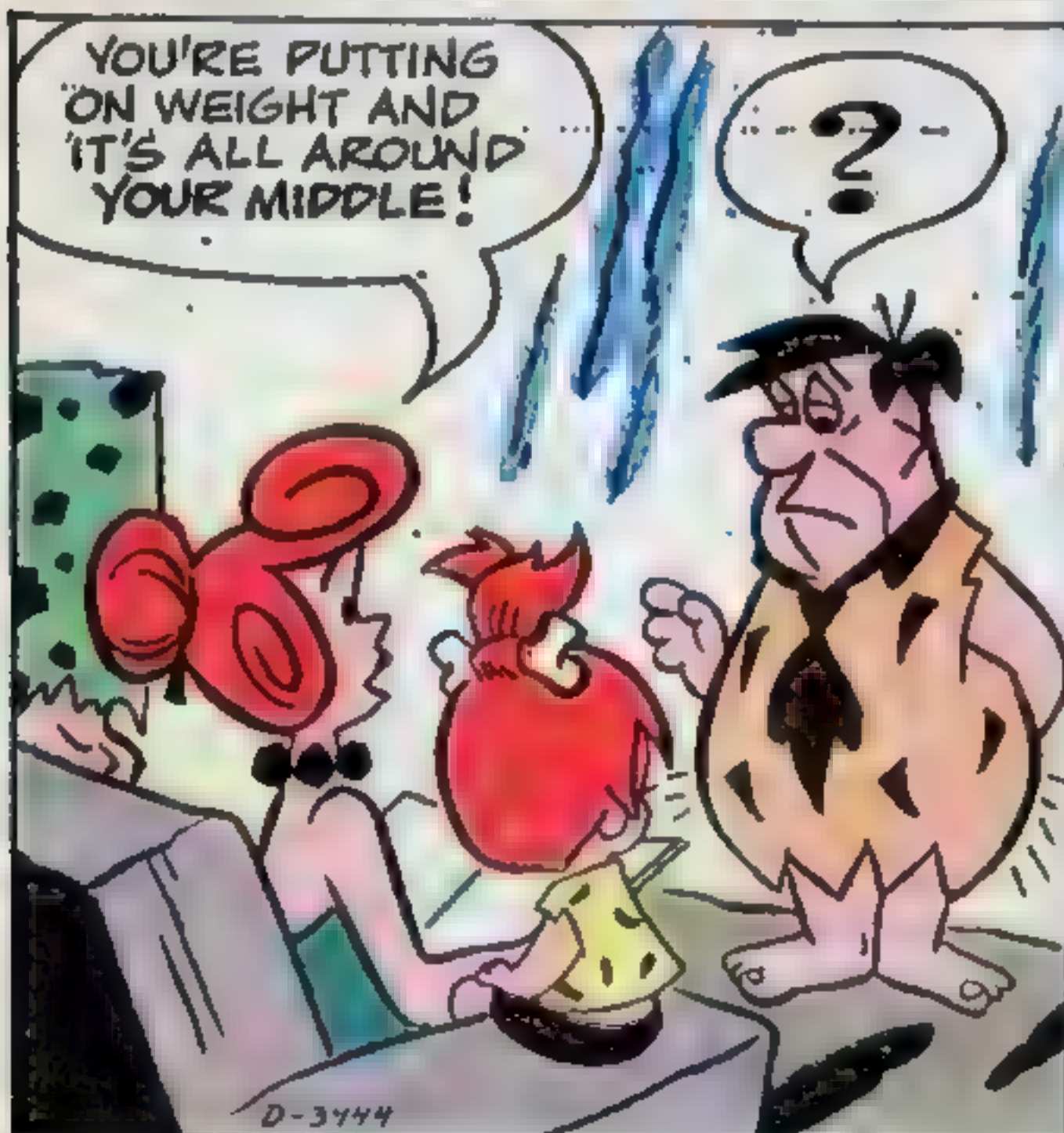




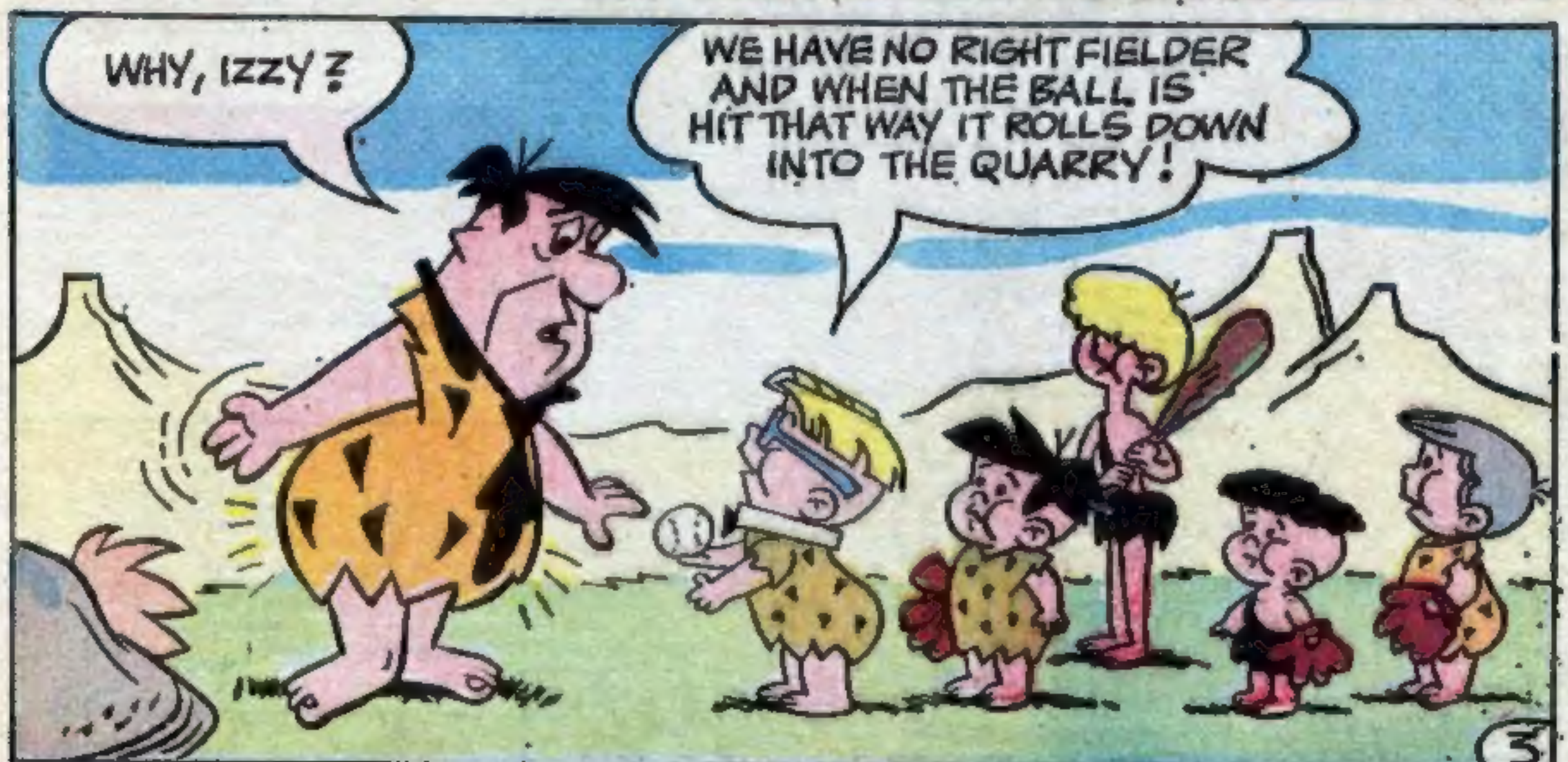
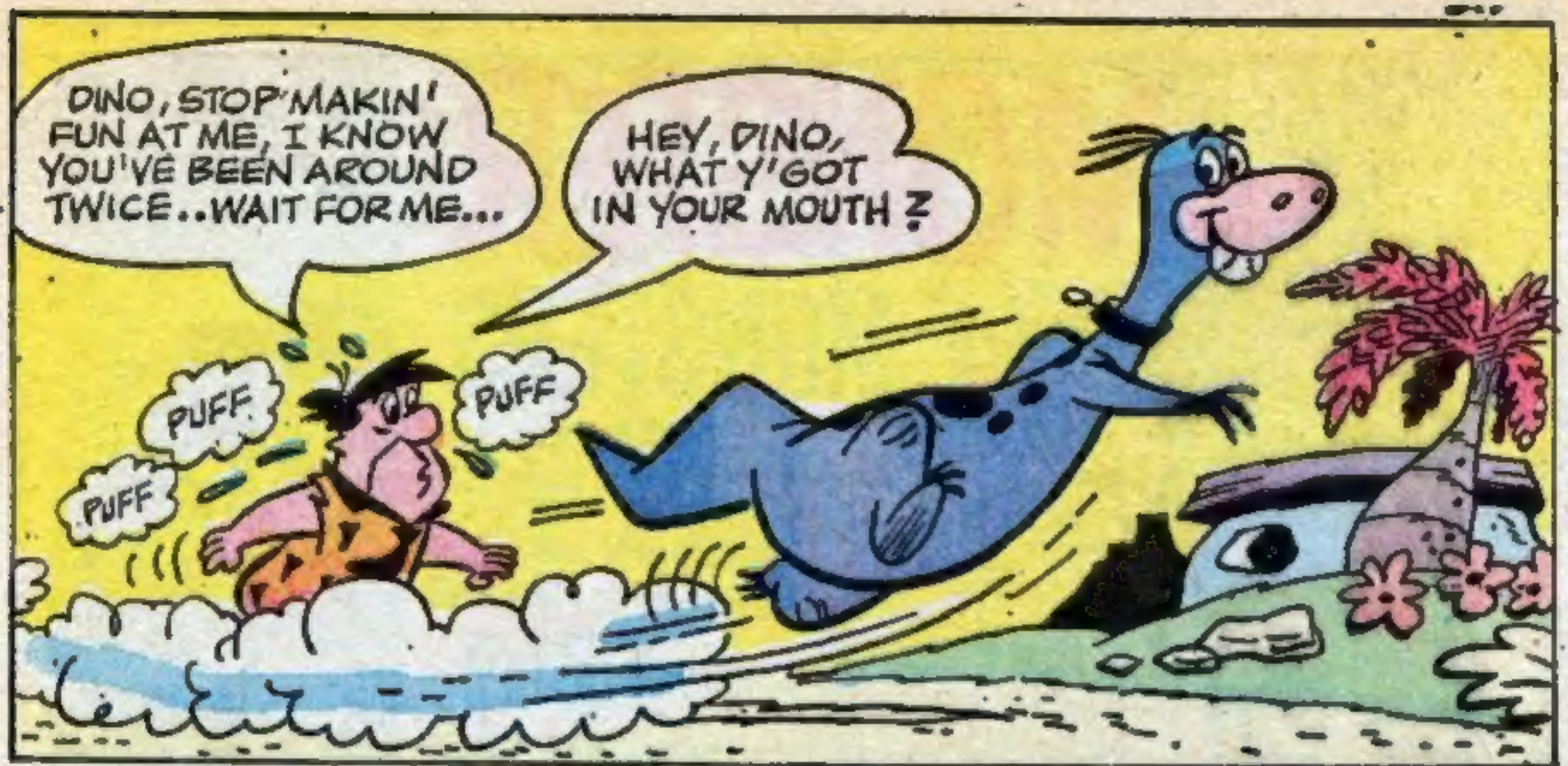
THE
FLINTSTONES
IN

The SHAPE! OF THINGS!

GIVEN KRAUSE
RAY DIRGO







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